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dous Huxley, author of "Ape and Essence." (See page 8)

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End as a Pawn?

By CHARLES W. FERGUSON

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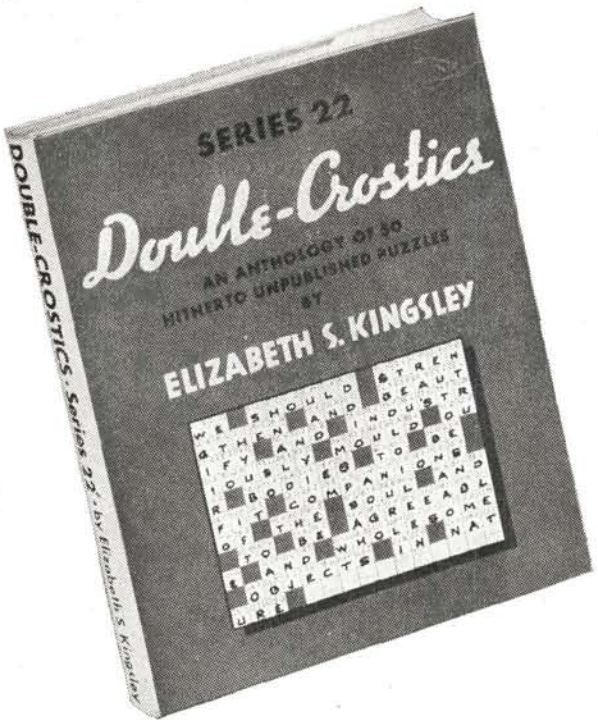
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KARL MARX

By ISAIAH BERLIN

No thinker in the nineteenth century has had so direct, deliberate, and powerful an influence upon mankind as Karl Marx. Here is a brief but complete account of the life and doctrines of the author of *Das Kapital*. An unusually explicit introduction to the man and his writings, the book treats Marx as journalist, propagandist, political strategist, and economic theorist. It contains a bibliography that has been revised to include pertinent works published since the first edition appeared in 1939. (H.U.L. 189—*Second edition*) $2.00

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TRADE Winds

THIS IS THE OPEN SEASON for quiz games, and TRADE WINDS brings you one—unfortunately no electric icebox is offered as a prize—concocted by Macmillan to publicize Milhollen and Kaplan's "Presidents on Parade." You should be able to answer about eight of the ten questions:

1. How many Presidents were elected more than once?
2. How many Vice Presidents succeeded to the office of President?
3. Who was the oldest man to be elected President?
4. Who was the first regular Army man to become President?
5. Who was the first President to be inaugurated at Washington, D. C.?
6. Who succeeded his successor as President?
7. Which President was tried for impeachment?
8. How many sons had Lincoln?
9. How many Presidents were assassinated?
10. Who was the first man to head both the Executive and the Judicial branches of the Government?

The answers:

1. Ten: George Washington; Thomas Jefferson; James Madison; James Monroe; Andrew Jackson; Abraham Lincoln; Ulysses Simpson Grant; Grover Cleveland; Woodrow Wilson; Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

2. Seven: John Tyler suc. William Henry Harrison; Millard Fillmore suc. Zachary Taylor; Andrew Johnson suc. Abraham Lincoln; Chester A. Arthur suc. J. A. Garfield; Theodore Roosevelt suc. William McKinley; Calvin Coolidge suc. Warren G. Harding; Harry S. Truman suc. Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

3. William Henry Harrison.

4. Zachary Taylor.

5. Thomas Jefferson.

6. Grover Cleveland, served 1885-1889; succeeded by Benjamin Harrison; again served 1893-1897.

7. Andrew Johnson.

8. Four: Willie, Tad, Edward, and Robert. Edward died in infancy; Robert Todd Lincoln attended the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C., in 1922 during the Harding administration.

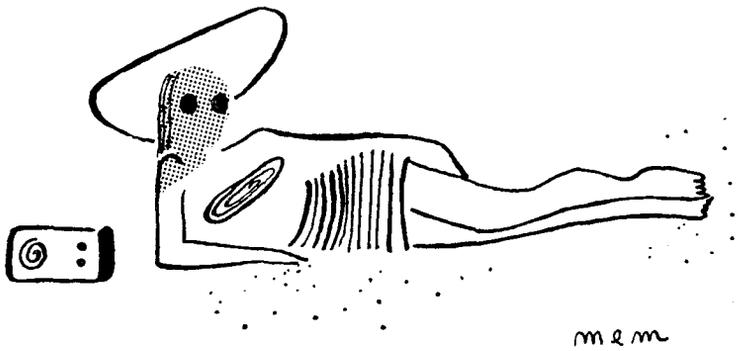
9. Three: Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley.

10. William Howard Taft was President 1909-1913 and was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court by President Harding in 1921. . . .

HARPERS, WHO PUBLISH the text-book edition of the "American College Dictionary," also have become imbued with the quizzing spirit. You will never be stumped, they assure you, by any of the following twenty posers—if, of course, you have an ACD at your side:

1. What are: (a) a banshee (b) a spondee (d) a squeegee?
2. What sort of information could you obtain from: a daybook (b) a hornbook (c) a logbook (d) a studbook?
3. You are an American in London and have just seen a *costermonger burke* a *mob* carrying a *torch* for a *slavey*. What have you witnessed?
4. Who or what are these Johnnies: (a) Johnny-jump-up (b) Johnnycake (c) Jingling Johnny (d) demijohn (e) Prester John?
5. Which of the following persons is the biographer, the photographer, the choreographer, the cartographer, and the lexicographer: (a) Samuel Johnson (b) Leonide Massine (c) Gerhard Mercator (d) Plutarch (e) Edward Steichen?
6. How many of these are behind the Iron Curtain: (a) the Iron Duke (b) the Iron Gate (c) the Iron Guard?
7. Explain what you would be eating if you ordered these dishes in a restaurant: (a) antipasto (b) escargot (c) wiener schnitzel (d) bannocks (e) kumiss.
8. Can you hop, skip, and jump through this question? What are: (a) a hoplite (b) a skipjack (c) a jump bid?
9. In what field did each of these American women distinguish herself: (a) Hilda Doolittle (b) Maria Mitchell (c) Georgia O'Keeffe (d) Frances Perkins (e) Emma Willard?
10. What would you be doing if you shared a cannikin of sillabub with a nuthatch and a fool's hen?
11. This one is double or nothing. What is meant by: (a) a double date (b) a double-entendre (c) a double play (d) a double tackle?
12. In what work of literature does each of these characters appear and what is his or her chief trait: (a) Falstaff (b) Gargantua (c) Mrs. Malaprop (d) Mr. Micawber (e) Pollyanna?
13. Tell these apart: (a) morgan horse (b) Morgan le Fay (c) morganite (d) morganatic marriage.
14. Which of these adjectives could you use in describing a well-groomed man leaving a barber shop: (a) rasorial (b) sartorial (c) tonsorial (d) uxorial?
15. If you had the following coins and wanted to spend them, to what countries would you travel: (a) a gourde (b) a kran (c) a lev (d) a zloty?
16. Look twice at each of these words. What do they mean? (a) baba (b) dodo (c) froufrou (d) grigri (e) pawpaw.
17. What fact is unique about each of these bodies of water: (a) Amazon River (b) Lake Baikal (c) Dead Sea (d) Lake Superior?
18. The following are mottoes of various states of the Union. Identify the state and explain the motto: (a) Cedant Armae Togae (b) Eureka (c) Fatti Maschii Parole Femine (d) Oro y Plata.
19. Which of these terms have something to do with a ship: (a) galleon (b) gallipot (c) galloon (d) galleass (e) galliard?
20. Whoa, hold on! Don't close your ACD without looking up these crossword-puzzle favorites: (a) boa (b) goa (c) proa (e) stoa. . . .

DETERMINED THAT THIS PARTICULAR column leave you a wiser, if not happier, human, I now propose to pass on a few tid-bits culled from Ferdinand Lane's "The Mysterious Sea" (Doubleday): So deep is the ocean near Mindanao, in the Philippines, that if Mt. Everest could be immersed there, its peak would be more than a mile below the surface of the water. . . . One reason why the Gulf Stream moves so swiftly is because it is running downhill. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are actually higher than those of the outer Atlantic. As for the temperature divisions caused by the Gulf Stream, the Coast Guard cutter *Tampa* paused on its edge long enough to record a bow temperature of thirty-four degrees, while the water temperature at the stern was fifty-six degrees. . . . There are giant seaweeds off the coast of Chile that grow to a length of more than 240 feet, and have fronds fifty feet in diameter. . . . The female lobster hatches her eggs by carrying them around glued to the underside of her body. She may carry 75,000 eggs for as long as ten months. . . . There are clams near Australia whose shells weigh nearly half a ton and



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which have been known to capture and kill humans. (But heaven help them if they try to import any books from America that ever were published in England!) . . .

IN RESPONSE TO MY REQUEST for the names of novelists who were born in New Jersey, Genevieve Taggard and a dozen others remind me that Stephen Crane's birthplace was Newark. Michel Farano points out, furthermore, that James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, Waldo Frank in Long Branch, Elinor Wylie in Somerville, Alexander Woollcott in Phalanx, Van Wyck Brooks in Plainfield, Edmund Wilson in Red Bank, and Dorothy Parker in West End. . . .

THE INTERNAL REVENUE BUREAU has the book world agog with its announcement that "the rules applying to amateur writers will determine the taxes General Ike Eisenhower pays on the sale of his memoirs." The General is reported to be netting anywhere from $600,000 to a million for his story in a package deal (it already has been earmarked as a future choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club); under the bureau's ruling he will be permitted to pay a twenty-five per cent capital gains tax on the net proceeds, after holding the completed manuscript for six months. The tax bite on a similar sale by a "professional" writer would be between two and three times as large. Nobody in the world begrudges General Ike his windfall, but other authors are rising to inquire just what constitutes an "amateur." Some of the nominations being offered by disillusioned publishers would surprise you! . . .

QUOTABLE LINES: Goodman Ace, reviewing a book called "Ways to Make Money," remarked wryly, "Evidently the easiest way is to write something called 'Ways to Make Money'." . . . Charles Jackson says, "Every writer has a bit of exhibitionism in him. When I finish a book, I can read it objectively. It no longer seems a part of me. I can laugh and cry at it, as if I was reading it for the first time." . . . A famous Hollywood producer announced firmly, "Any man who gets himself psychoanalyzed ought to have his head examined." . . . And Publisher Ben Huebsch, stopped in the lobby of Carnegie Hall by an acquaintance who asked, "How's business?," replied, "Wonderful! Our cat caught four mice yesterday." BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

End as a Pawn?

CHARLES W. FERGUSON

Charles W. Ferguson

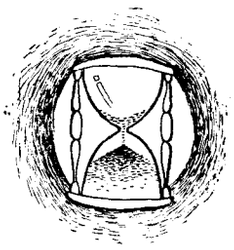
THE present system of vestigal, makeshift authoritarianism known as democracy is without spiritual thrust or power. Of the two leading countries that call themselves democracies, Great Britain and the United States, one is in the doldrums, and the achievements of the other can be passed over by critics as purely material and hence the product of special economic advantage. Under its present half-hearted acceptance, democracy has not much that is positive to offer in competition with other social philosophies or managerial schemes for society. In countries with democratic forms the emphasis falls almost entirely upon rights and freedoms. We are inclined to give a man the right to talk as much as he pleases and call the result democracy. Missing from our calculation is the view that regards democracy as a process by which all the people participate in deciding major issues that concern them.

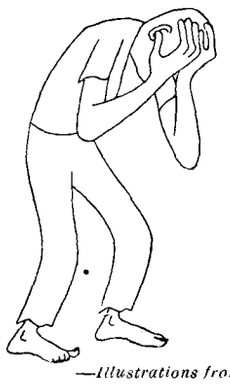
It is in this respect that the little democracy we enjoy now is a dangerous thing. It gives us the illusion of reality. By calling ourselves democratic (instead of relatively democratic) we are led to suppose that we have perfected the process. We are thus put in the untenable position of defending the fraction for the whole, the name for the fact.

Our present adulterated democracies continue to leave all important decisions to policy makers and bigwigs. This practice of acting always from the top prevails not merely in government but in industry, education, charity, journalism—through the whole course of what we call democratic society. The result is bound to be a progressive decay of function among citizens, an oppressive conviction of uselessness. As Toynbee puts it in speaking of the industrial proletariat, men are *in* society but not *of* it.

Newspapers and magazines and books whirl before us a kaleidoscopic array of brightly colored issues. Our minds ricochet from the race problem to the housing problem, from the problem of foreign trade to the problem of displaced persons, from the British problem to the Russian problem to the Palestine problem to the problem of free enterprise.

In spite of all the news that is forced upon us, however, it would seem that the more we know the less we can do. We become victims of a kind of political somnambulism, moving vaguely about at the mercy of events. Our consciousness often seems to be a consciousness of images rather than realities. Cut off as we are, our view largely a stereopticon view, nonetheless we are beginning to see that there is really no such thing as "the world." What is happening before our eyes is only a dramatization of what is happening to *us*. Slowly but certainly we are beginning to perceive that the happenings of our day are not distant pantomime but real experiences in our own lives. It is as if a person injured by a machine and blotto from shock should suddenly notice that a hand has been cut off, only to recognize with a sickening return of consciousness that it is his own.





—Illustrations from "Nations and Peace."

It no longer means anything to us when we hear it said America must do this, Russia must do that, Britain must do the other. We know inwardly that America and Russia and Britain do not exist as entities apart from their citizens. The old Churchillian flummery is dead and the abstractions of the history books need to be reduced to facts. There are no longer powerful nations and immense forces. There are today only peoples and persons and these peoples and persons have suddenly been brought together by the amazing applications of science. There is in consequence only one problem and that is the creation of a world society under law.

THIS leads to the most urgent reason for full-scale democracy: the changes necessary to meet the problems presented by an interdependent world are so profound that they will have to be authorized by peoples acting in concert. These changes will never be made by heads of state, who will always err on the side of caution. Present political leaders hold office on sufferance, and they can always plead the dumbness and conservatism of the people to cover up their own shortcomings and timidity. Nothing can be done to remedy this sluggishness until provision is made whereby the electorates of the several countries can declare their views on issues instead of candidates.

At present the most obvious and drastic change needed is the curtailment of the sovereignty of nations. Nations must be modified and their powers of independent action sharply delimited both for the purpose of reducing the possibility of war and for purposes of permitting a free movement of goods and peoples from one

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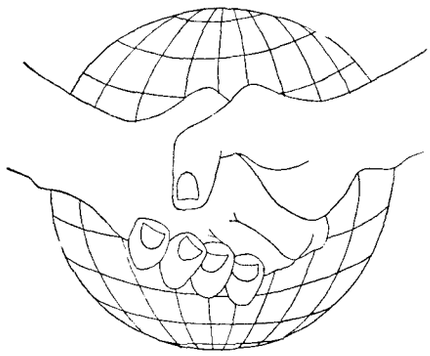
part of the world to another. The pomp of nations that pretend to be sovereign, with their custom duties, tariffs, separate currencies, leads not only to conflict but to absurdities in a world that has been unified by science and communication. Yet the establishment of a federation of nations—of whatever membership or dimensions—can only come about as the by-product of wide democratic action. A republic of nations with each nation a member state under a new sovereignty could not be imposed by diplomacy, even if diplomats were willing.

Under our present republican form of government, whatever may be said for it when it is compared with dictatorial governments, there exists no effective way of letting the voice of the people be heard. Opinion must be registered indirectly, obliquely, and through layers of resistance. Republicanism offers plenty of opportunity for making noise, but it is not wired for sound. The result is that members of both the administrative and legislative branches of the government must conduct their affairs in a state of uncertainty if not ignorance about what the mass of the electorate thinks.

Many will urge, of course, that this is a free country, that a man can write his Congressman, indite a letter to the editor, stand up on the street corner or in a public meeting and say whatever he pleases. Such elementary privileges are to be guarded, it is true, and there is no disposition here to make light of the indulgences which we enjoy under the democratic heritage. But the fact remains that with all their privileges the people are still crying in the wilderness; there is no system of direct communication between them and the major decisions of their national government.

Some slight attention, it is true, has been given to the matter of making proper arrangements for a dignified expression of public opinion. Fitful starts have been made here and there, but for the most part the efforts to date have been looked upon as incidental, a supplementary feature to government as is. Canada, one of the most advanced nations in the field of political education, has over a thousand listening groups which take up issues raised in programs of the Canadian Broadcasting Company. These groups are spread all over Canada. They range in size from small groups in Saskatchewan to large groups in cities like Montreal. After a broadcast on a public issue, the groups take over and, through the give and take of discussion, arrive at their own views.

The genius of the Canadian system is that each group has a recording



secretary. The questions raised by the broadcast are threshed out by the people and then put to a vote. The declared opinions of the group are sent to Ottawa. Experience with these groups has been instructive in many ways. It has shown, for example, that there is not as much division of opinion as one would suppose between town and country, East and West, Catholic and Protestant, agricultural and industrial interests, when citizens have a chance to talk problems over in their own circle and say what they think.

But the immediate extension of the democratic experiment requires a fuller recognition of the voice of the people. This can come about only through an intelligent use of the referendum. The referendum is the device which, even under present political arrangements, will serve to put public opinion officially on record.

Up to now the referendum has been employed with varying degrees of satisfaction in the several states, but chiefly upon issues of local or limited interest. As a footnote to ballots concerned with candidates and party warfare the people have been confronted with questions touching tax legislation, new highways, veterans' bonuses, the increase of the state's bonded debt. The response in many cases has been spotty, since the issues presented are lost in the election hurrah. The multiplicity of incidentals offered tends to bring the referendum into neglect if not contempt.

IT is time, though, that the referendum be rescued and put to work in assembling public opinion on world issues. It offers in simplest form the democratic idea, asking the people a straight question and giving them a chance to say, through the exercise of the franchise, what they think.

One state, Massachusetts, has already used it to give the voter some sense of actual participation in deciding the kind of issue that will determine the future. Massachusetts has a provision whereby if 1,200 voters in any state Senatorial district or 200 voters in any representative district ask that a matter of public interest be submitted to the voters of that district, the question can be placed on the ballot.

In the fall of 1942 these requirements were fulfilled in forty-two out of 164 election districts. On the ballot appeared the following questions:

> Shall the representatives in the General Court from the following named districts be instructed to vote to request the President and the Congress to call at the earliest possible moment a convention of all free peoples, to form a Federal Constitution, under which they may unite in a Democratic World Government?

The affirmative vote in the election of 1942 totaled 205,308 to 67,205. Thus the voters who expressed themselves on this issue three years before the San Francisco Conference showed their willingness to accept, not an alliance of sovereign powers such as resulted in the United Nations, but a world government based on the federation of nations with the transfer of sovereignty to a higher authority.

In the spring of 1946 petitions asking for a further referendum on world government were circulated in a cross-section of communities by some 600 volunteers acting for the Massachusetts Committee for World Federation. These volunteers obtained more than 33,000 signatures, enough to get the question on the ballot in half the election districts. The districts contained more than half the registered voters of the state and covered rural as well as urban communities.

On November 5, 1946, the voters of these districts faced the following question:

> Shall the Senator in the General Court from this district be instructed to vote to request the President and the Congress of the United States to direct our delegates to the United Nations to propose and support amendments to its charter which will strengthen the United Nations and make it a World Federal Government able to prevent war?

Official returns in 255 cities and towns found 586,093 (90.2 per cent) in favor and 63,624 (9.8 per cent) opposed. The overall majority in the state was nine to one. And in some districts the vote in favor of the proposal ran as high as fifteen to one. A further important feature of the returns lay in the fact that the sentiment favoring federal world government was as high in rural areas as it was in the cities.

It should also be noted that the issue was made quite clear to the people. Some 500,000 pamphlets explaining the difference between the present United Nations and an effective world

(*Continued on page* 26)

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Fiction. *By coincidence, three of the books reviewed this week—all second novels—either illuminate or darken three teeming sections of the City of New York. As might be expected after "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," Betty Smith's "Tomorrow Will Be Better" emerges from a slum street in Brooklyn. Herman Wouk, author of the bestseller "Aurora Dawn," has chosen The Bronx for his story of normal city boyhood. Charles Gorham has set his terrifying story of the development of a conscienceless and monstrous gangster in Yorkville, a short ride from central Manhattan's luxurious publishing center, which was the scene of his "The Gilded Hearse." All three take a dismal view of the pleasures of life in the world's richest and greatest city. Aldous Huxley's oddly titled "Ape and Essence" belongs to another world than these urban revelations. It is a grim satire of what will be left of mankind after an atomic war.*

Depraved New World

APE AND ESSENCE. By Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper & Bro. 1948. 205 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

IN 1932, when we had nothing to fear but fear itself, Aldous Huxley threw a book at our heads. A bleakly brilliant, savagely witty satire on a society which had permitted itself to be engulfed by science, "Brave New World" was perfectly keyed to the thin, sour laughter of those depression days. Nearly everybody read it, along with "The Fountain," and was shocked, irritated, or delighted with it, according to the kind of person he was. It was a diverting, preposterous fantasy, a brilliant bit of *blague,* and all the more welcome if it helped take our minds off the incredible calamity that had befallen us when we had suddenly become Americans without money. That was 1932, a time which now seems very long ago, and which it is possible to recall with a certain wry nostalgia. For those of you who still think of it as a locust year I would remind you that sixteen years ago the only scientist to be found in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, was presumably the local doctor; that you could buy a good, reasonably-priced eating apple on Fifth Avenue for a nickel, if you had the nickel; that at that time the only people afraid of physicists were students flunking the course, and that the word "radioactive," if anyone ever used it, was spelled with a hyphen and probably referred to someone like Graham MacNamee or Jessica Dragonette.

Now, in 1948, it would appear that the ensuing years have robbed Mr. Huxley's book of much of its fantasy and a great deal of its laughter. There are things in it which no longer seem seen through a powerful telescope, things which can be discerned by merely shading the eyes with the hand. We are closer to Mr. Huxley's brave new world by many generations than we were when it was the most amusing book of the year.

I do not mean to imply that "Brave New World" still presents even a reasonable facsimile of the shape of things to come, however much of a preview it might once have offered. The atom bomb above Hiroshima, which in the split second of its explosion brutalized all men and elevated all animals, has inevitably altered that. In fact, the way it has been altered is the theme of "Ape and Essence," in which Aldous Huxley articulates some of the profound horror and despair which he and all other thoughtful men have felt since our scientists hit upon the new, time-saving, presto-type, short cut to victory in war.

The narrative, which is dichotomous, begins on the day of Gandhi's assassination. Mr. Huxley, represented by the perpendicular pronoun, is in Hollywood, represented by a movie-lot. A friend, Bob Briggs, who writes for the movies, has been boring him with the details of his occupational neurosis. A truck passes them, bound for the incinerator with a load of rejected scripts. Two or three spill off into the street, and they pick them up and idly scan them. One of them, oddly enough entitled "Ape and Essence," challenges their interest by its angry, misanthropic prose and unconventional treatment. They decide upon a pilgrimage to its author, a Mr. William Tallis, and drive through miles of Goya-like desert to a lonely ranch, only to discover that William Tallis has died six weeks before, his life a mystery interred with his bones. At this point, page 32, Mr. Huxley decides to give us the text of "Ape

(*Continued on page* 24)

THE AUTHOR: If keratitis hadn't all but blinded Aldous Huxley at seventeen, he might have ended up "a complete public-school English gentleman," not to say famous doctor, for which he had begun training. But he might not have developed the insight and farsight that have characterized his prolific works of fiction, poetry, and belles-lettres. Nor his well-known mysticism. The fact that for the past several years he has been successfully improving his vision in Southern California by the Bates method is of profound significance to him, "demonstrating in one particular sphere the possibility of becoming the master of one's circumstances instead of their slave. Similar techniques for controlling unfavorable circumstances in other isolated fields have been independently developed and are available for anyone who cares to learn them. All, however, are secondary to a great central technique . . . which teaches the art of obtaining freedom from the fundamental human disability of egotism." After Oxford and limited World War I service, he published his first poetry books and taught. In 1919, he joined the staff of *Athenaeum,* the next year the London *House and Garden*—journalistic experiences of suicidal intensity, spliced as they were with "Limbo," "Chrome Yellow," and "Mortal Coils," all prose. The skeptical "Antic Hay" coincided with his move in 1923 to Italy, where for most of seven years he lived and wrote, among others, "Those Barren Leaves" and "Point Counter Point." "Brave New World" appeared in 1932, "Eyeless in Gaza" in 1936, "After Many a Summer Dies the Swan" in 1940, "Time Must Have a Stop" in 1944—works lathered with acerbity and erudition. But, says Mr. Huxley, "it is ludicrous to live in the twentieth century equipped with an elegant literary training suitable for the seventeenth. . . . It is with personal, psychological freedom I find myself predominantly concerned." —R. G.

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City of Failure and Loneliness

TOMORROW WILL BE BETTER. By Betty Smith. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 274 pp. $3.

Reviewed by WALTER HAVIGHURST

THE mid-1920's in America are remembered as a time of prosperity and expansiveness, and the literature of those years shows us the Babbitts, the Gatsbys, and the Dodsworths living in a confident and careless country. But Miss Smith's new novel pictures the little people, whose lives are made up of poverty and postponements, in the mean streets and up the dark stairways that prosperity never finds. Through the cycles of economic change they carry their gnawing worries, their secret resentments, and their wistful dreams of tomorrow.

The Shannon family lived in a cold-water flat on Maujer Street in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. There Margy Shannon, young, curious, hopeful, dreamed two dreams. One was a bad dream that woke her up at night tearful and frightened. It was a dream rooted in an experience of her childhood, a dream of being lost in the streets of Brooklyn, and it recurred like a neuralgia in times of weariness and disappointment. The other was a waking dream, a good, steady, hopeful dream of what waited for her in the future; it was a simple dream of husband, home, and children. In the two years spanned by this novel she tries to forget the first dream and to realize the second. She made the good dream a reality for a little while, before it crumbled and faded. The dream of lostness was still there, persistent as a shadow.

"Tomorrow Will Be Better" is a commonplace story, deliberately strung together of commonplace experience. It is a sequence, told in a level, unvarying key, of family scenes, office scenes, a routine courtship, a hopeful marriage, and finally, still in the muted key, a stillbirth in a makeshift Brooklyn hospital. Often the story is warm, real, poignant in its picture of hurtful human relationships. At times it lapses into obvious comment on youth's hopefulness and maturity's resignation and regret. The careful tracing of relationships, in a generally uneventful novel, produces a deliberate slowness of pace.

Miss Smith has taken pains to present a typical tenement family of Brooklyn, and all her persons merge easily into generalized conceptions. You believe this is what daily life must be for many people—the monotonous day's work, the calculating about money, the silent or quarrelsome meals in the kitchen, the "going out" nowhere to escape the emptiness at home. In this novel Margy Shannon is the girl at the eager point of maturity, making her first surrenders to disappointment. Flo Shannon is the possessive mother, spiteful over her daughter's marriage and resentful of her independence. Henny Shannon is the tired, patient, resigned father, who sighs over his remembered boyhood and his youthful, quickly lost belief in the "rags to riches" fable of America. These typical people are carried through life on the strong stream of Brooklyn folkways. We know how their flat is furnished, what cooking smells hang in the stairwells, what they talk and do not talk about, how they parcel out their money, how they depend upon and quarrel with each other. These matters are detailed in the novel, with careful mimicking of speech and manners.

While following the Shannons through defeating episodes of their unrewarding lives you may remember another folklore—of a Brooklyn that is brash and coarse and of its cunning and defiant people. This novel looks beneath that folklore and makes us see a more actual city, a city full of failure and loneliness, in which people are always being "shoved around." It is understood that the Shannons should have to take it from the landlords and the employers, the big shovers. What bothered Henny Shannon is that it doesn't stop there. "You'd think we'd stick together against the big shovers, instead of being little shovers ourselves." Margy had the same discovery to make. In her bad dream the children shoved her out of their block because she was a stranger there. Even in her good dream she learned how parents maim their children's emotions and how husband and wife vent their frustration and disappointment on each other. Margy offered gentleness and generosity, but Frankie Malone, her young husband, could not accept what she had to give. Both the Malones and the Shannons had loved their children, but love is not enough, and both had failed them. Margy's office friend, the spirited and rebellious Reenie, cried, "Aren't parents fierce!" And Mary resolved always to understand her unborn child and to shield it from the harshness of the world.

At every point in her limited experience Margy Shannon appeals to a reader's sympathy. She embodies the hurts of childhood, the hopes of youth, and the regrets that follow. But, perhaps because she is so typical, she rarely stirs the imagination. The novel leaves you remembering Brooklyn's folkways more vividly than its people.

THE AUTHOR: Betty Smith, née Keogh, was born in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, of Irish-Austrian immigrant parents. "I've always had to make money somehow," she says, "and sandwich in writing when I could." At eleven, the year her father died, she had two poems published; at fourteen she went to work. Before she was twenty she was married and living in Michigan. In her teens she had wanted fiercely to be an actress but so edited her lines in summer stock that at least one playwright carped, "Why don't you write your own plays?" Now she tried it. Limited by a grammar-school diploma to special matriculation at Ann Arbor, she misunderstood the course's passing requirement of two producible plays and wrote hers before enrolling. They were accepted by Samuel French and she felt qualified. Her "Francie Nolan" there won an Avery Hopwood Award. With the winnings she bought a typewriter and enlarged the script into the 1943 novel "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." At the rate of two pages a day before breakfast it took five years to complete, has sold 3,000,000 copies, had sixteen translations and a record film run. She has written and collaborated on some seventy-five plays. Several have been produced by Yale, where she also studied drama, and the University of North Carolina, where, since 1947, she has been play consultant, campus actress, and special lecturer. She hopes one of her own will make Broadway—"before I die"—, would like to dramatize her second novel "Tomorrow Will Be Better," at which Hollywood has been dimpling, plans to set her next in the Midwest. Both her now-married daughters were born there. In 1943 she remarried—to author-editor Joe Jones. She's petite, has a low, relaxed voice, dark hair, gray eyes, and, because "it looks more prosperous," a year-round tan. Three years ago she planted a slip of ailanthus in her Chapel Hill garden. It's now twenty feet high and spreading voluptuously. —R. G.

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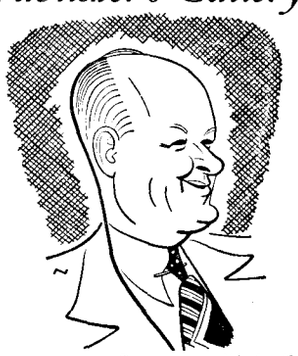
Publisher's Gallery



—Drawn from life by Norkin

XIII: Richard Prentice Ettinger

FOR a time Richard Prentice Ettinger juggled careers before settling down to publishing. In 1913, not yet 20, he took an LLB at New York University; 1915, a BCS, bar exams (and a wife). In 1913, too, he accepted a two-year stint as director of NYU's efficiency bureau, followed this with teaching (finance) until 1922. Nineteen thirteen also marked his launching of Prentice-Hall, Inc., with Charles W. Gerstenberg, each adopting his mother's maiden name as "more euphonius." In addition, he wrote: "Corporation Laws of New York" (1916), "Credits and Collections" (with David Golieb, 1917), "Income and Federal Tax Reports" (1918).

A fourth-generation New Yorker, he now lives in Norwalk, Conn., where trophies accrue from his tennis playing, while his only son, a Stanford U. law student, goes after sailing cups. His two daughters have graduated into matrimony. Other spare time Mr. Ettinger devotes to duties as trustee of American U. in Washington; executive committee member, Disabled Veterans of America; vice president, Economic Club of New York. He talks with aplomb, laughs with conviction. He is counting on Dewey to restore free enterprise—"I'm a liberal in the true sense."

It is the lament of Prentice's president that "too many books are published, not enough sold." His firm's policy is to publish only what it can do complete promotion and selling on. He is convinced if all publishers followed suit everyone would be better of, "including the gullible public." Prentice-Hall accomplished one of the fastest production jobs on record—"Earl Warren: The First Assistant Vice President," out Aug. 13. "Thirteen is our lucky number." The firm was born Oct. 13, 1913, in a 13-story building at 13th St. and 70 Fifth Avenue, "a 13-letter address." —E. P. H.

Bronx Penrod

THE CITY BOY. By Herman Wouk. New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc. 1948. 366 *pp.* $2.95.

Reviewed by RICHARD B. GEHMAN

THIS novel resists compressed, coherent comment as steadfastly as the political prejudices of Westbrook Pegler defy analysis. The first thing to be decided, I suppose, is whether or not Mr. Wouk is serious. On the surface, it would seem that he is not: his story of eleven-year-old Herbie Bookbinder, a child of the Bronx, set "in the sixth year of Calvin Coolidge's Presidency," would seem at first glance a parody of a certain kind of American writing found mainly in the big, gaudy magazines, and one might assume that the author is only joking. On the other hand, he says in his foreword: "Perhaps . . . this tale will seem to reflect a measure of truth about some city boyhoods—if it is agreed that the truth may be pleasant."

Mr. Wouk's first book, "Aurora Dawn," was a skilfully-devised farce of radio advertising, written in the manner of Fielding; it was the dreadful sort of long-winded, enervating "humor" that one could expect from a Max Shulman; and it was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, which in some circles would render worthless all conjecture as to its relative merit. It was not parody, since parody's first requirement is some foundation in subject; it was more like an exasperating performance by a night club pianist who insists upon playing "St. Louis Blues" in the styles of Beethoven, Chopin, and Rachmaninoff.

In "The City Boy," Mr. Wouk, no longer Fielding, now seems to be a sort of composite of Booth Tarkington and Sinclair Lewis, more the former than the latter, and combining the worst features, in style and in thought, of both. Again, he is not writing parody; this time he is deliberately using others' materials, and imitating them. In all of Herbie Bookbinder's adventures, joys, and sorrows—his infatuation with his teacher, his grand passion for little Lucile Glass, his first dinner in a restaurant with his father and the latter's business associates, his rise from summer-camp joke-butt to hero, his theft of money from his father to achieve this—there is not one incident that has not been done before, and with more success, by the two writers mentioned above. It is all as deadeningly familiar as the later writings of Louis Bromfield, another great man for the stock situation.

By announcing that his tale "will seem to reflect a measure of truth," Mr. Wouk must be trying to tell us that human nature does not change; that human situations vary almost not at all; that the same things which happen to fat little Herbie Bookbinder could happen to anybody, anywhere in America. It's true enough that they could (let's acknowledge that for the purposes of this piece, anyhow), but since they have been done before in fiction, since we recognize them so readily, there doesn't seem to be much point in working them again in the same way. Switching the locale from the backyards of Indiana to the apartment-hives of The Bronx and a Berkshire summer camp does not necessarily alter the basic situations.

There is another point, perhaps even more important. Tarkington was writing of a boyhood in an age of innocence—the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Since communication then was not as highly developed as it was during the tenure of Coolidge, we can read of Willie Baxter and of Penrod and their ingenuousness, their lack of awareness of their period, with a measure of tolerance. A great deal occurred, however, between the boyhoods of Baxter and of Bookbinder; and while we cannot expect boys in fiction to have any exaggerated sense of their own time, we at least can expect it of their creators. That Herbie's attitudes, actions, and store of information are little different from those of Penrod would indicate either that Mr. Wouk has progressed no further than Mr. Tarkington, or that he has fallen prey, willingly, to certain concepts which have no meaning, these days, save to characters in B-movies and hack fiction: everything and everybody is either good or evil, nothing changes (O sweet youth), everything comes out all right in the end. Since Mr. Wouk must certainly be more aware, if only because he is alive in an age when communication is swifter and easier, we must assume that, for the purposes of his book, he has swallowed this gagging dose without questioning it. This makes the circle complete and makes his novel a total failure.

The novel, but not necessarily Mr. Wouk. Perhaps I have been inordinately severe with him. After all, this is only his second book. For the reasons stated above, both must be considered as exercises. Mr. Wouk does have a fine eye for living detail, a good ear, and, despite a tendency to become coyly platitudinous in the manner of Sinclair Lewis, he apparently has enormous sympathy for his fellow beings. Perhaps some day he will write like Herman Wouk.

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One-Dimensional Monster

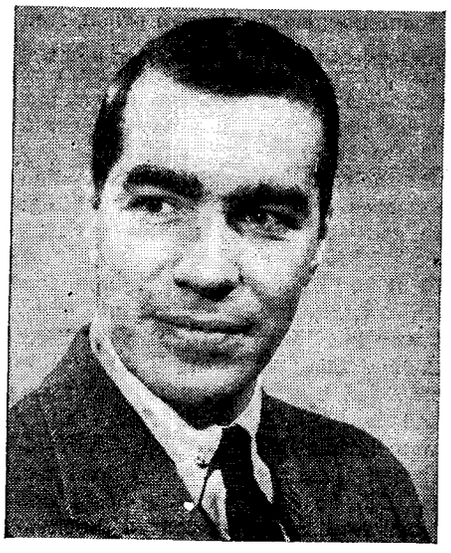
THE FUTURE MISTER DOLAN. By Charles Gorham. New York: The Dial Press. 1948. 350 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

CHARLES GORHAM'S first novel, "The Gilded Hearse," was a tough, somewhat unbelievable satire on the publishing business that ran into trouble with the censor not long after it was published. It was obvious that the author was on his way toward developing a style that was reminiscent of James M. Cain's terse use of dialogue, and that he might be drawn toward the brutalities that have long engaged that writer. Richard Elliot of Gorham's first novel was an unmitigated and alcoholic heel whom the author, with some difficulty, tried to present with a few gentlemanly scruples and the fragments of a conscience. Mattie Dolan of "The Future Mister Dolan" is a complete monster, in the shape of a not unattractive Irish youth of nineteen who has returned from the army, ravening for the kill, to the slum street in New York in which he grew up. His conception of life is that of any gangster: that society is divided between the sucker victims and the hard and ruthless egotist who takes what he wants and makes others pay for it. He is as ferocious and as stealthily dangerous as a hungry tiger, and a good deal less admirable, for the tiger may return to his lair with meat for his cubs dripping from his mouth.

That human creatures like this exist, spawned in the slums and in polite suburbs, there can be no doubt. As a novelist, Mr. Gorham must be judged for this book on the answers to two questions: Has he made his human monster and the environment which has created him credible, and, after following the savagery and sadistic meanness in his book, has the novel been worth the energy and time it took to write it? On one count he is to be applauded; he has thrown out of the window the amateur psychiatric maunderings that ordinarily accompany a tale of this nature. Matthew Dolan was not suffering, when he came out of the army, from a frustrated ego produced by a drunken mother and a brutal father, from lack of success with girls, or from the contempt or dislike of his fellows. Mattie was smarter than anyone he knew of his own age; his marks in grammar and high school were higher, though he had a deep contempt for what he was asked to read; he played football viciously but intelligently; his few months in uniform had only taught him that he could break a man's neck with ease and that anyone who believed in fighting the war was a fool. To Mattie everyone he knew was a fool and a destined victim, except his Uncle Fred, who had grown fat and rich on wartime rackets. When the book ends, he has money in the bank sent to him by Fred just before he was murdered by his pals for taking more than his share of the syndicate's profits; he is cleared, by what horrible means must be left to the reader to discover, of his entanglement with the simple-minded and virtuous girl he has seduced and betrayed, and he is on his way to take the gilded suckers of Manhattan for a ride.

Mr. Gorham has successfully met his major problem. Through one horrendous episode after the other the sheer mass of the youth's callous iniquities makes him credible. He lives, a vital and thinking animal, menacing to every man, woman, and child he may meet. The book can be read and endured only because of the peculiar fascination that the spectacle of sheer evil engenders in a mind of any sensitivity. As a work of fiction it has its gross faults. It is overwritten, especially in the occasional long, descriptive passages; it is as one-dimensional as the hero himself, who has neither soul nor conscience. Take it or leave it, Mr. Gorham seems to say, with such vigor that the reader is not sure the writer's own philosophy is not that the ruthless superman is a force beyond good and evil. The book will not advance his stature as a novelist, but it may make him the runner-up in any contest for whatever laurels belong to the toughest writer in America. If enough people care to read it, it may have been worth writing.



Charles Gorham—"the toughest writer in America"?

—Walter Lowenthal.

"It is hard to think that Bruce Lancaster will find many readers in the Old South."

Southern Saboteurs

NO BUGLES TONIGHT. By Bruce Lancaster. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 325 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN WILLIAM ROGERS

BRUCE LANCASTER in his second historical novel that deals with the War Between the States has taken for his theme the Northern sympathizers working behind the Confederate lines at sabotage and spying. There are, for good measure, two heroes and two heroines who risk imprisonment and death to advance the Union cause but it is one of the heroes, Whip Sheldon of Kinnyard's Ohio battery, whose exploits are most closely followed.

We first meet Kip when a score of Union soldiers, "the Andrews raiders," infiltrate from the Northern army into Georgia to steal a railroad train and wreck the line. This exciting episode is only partially successful, and after hair-raising escapes the entire company is captured and corralled into a filthy Confederate prison. Activities of Union forces gain their release, and the whole volume consists of the account of four major projects to damage the South—the Union agents now bravely carrying out plans and now hard pressed by the Southerners.

Lancaster's extensive knowledge of the Civil War and its period is reflected by the basic framework of history and in many details of incident and speech, but much of his material belongs to what has long been familiar in the conventional old-fashioned romantic novel, where heroes are gallant with nary an idea but the courageous pursuit of duty and seldom a

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thought except good clean ones in the direction of a glamorous lady love. The heroines are, of course, alluringly feminine, but spirited and full of mettle. We meet the Southern girl who, through her charm, extracts military information from susceptible officers (in this case to help the North) and there is even the familiar figure who at first appears to be a boy but who turns out to be a charming girl in boy's clothing.

The sympathy in the book takes account of the Southerners' point of view but is distinctly directed toward the North. Readers with complete detachment or a Northern outlook may find this agreeable, but it is hard to think that it will find many readers in the Old South, since it not only insistently shows the Confederates to a disadvantage, but ends on a note of positive exaltation at the prospect of Sherman's march through Georgia.

"No Bugles Tonight" is one more competent novel written for the reader who does not mind two-dimensional characterization, and whose concern is a superficially lively narrative against a background of profound and serious conflict. The end papers show a map of the Southern region and a careful charting of exactly the geographical location of the four chief sequences in the book. This is both interesting and vastly helpful in following the wandering events against a confused and complicated background which Lancaster has chosen to chronicle.

Lindbergh.

Since Mr. Lindbergh's book is, among other things, a direct attack on scientific materialism, we felt that it would be fair to run reviews of the book on both sides of the question. Riley Hughes, who writes the first review, teaches at Georgetown University and is a regular contributor to The Commonweal *and other Catholic publications. Harrison Brown, our second reviewer, was formerly assistant director of the Clinton Laboratories at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. One of the younger atomic scientists, he is now executive director of the Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists, and is engaged on a special research project on the universe at the University of Chicago.*

1. A Religious View

OF FLIGHT AND LIFE. By Charles A. Lindbergh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 56 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by RILEY HUGHES

IN "Of Flight and Life" Charles A. Lindbergh contemplates man in the fourth decade of the twentieth century and announces his classification. Man appears under the designation "scientific man" in these fiercely felt pages and, since they are few, the phrase has impact as well as recurrence. Though he does not directly say so, Mr. Lindbergh obviously feels that his term describes a type as obsolete as Cro-Magnon man. Scientific man, these pages hold, has contrived a material spiral that destroys. He has built for himself engines of destruction that win wars and obliterate the civilization for whose preservation war is waged. In one generation scientific man has "passed from the Indian massacre to the atomic annihilation." Scientific man is engaged in a "ceremonial dance to which there is no end."

It will come to many as curious evidence of the cultural lag that Mr. Lindbergh should proclaim somewhat breathlessly and with all the air of novelty that Whirl is king. After all, he is at the most cautious count at least a century late with his news. The Victorians, with fascinated, half-averted glance, could, and of course did, tell us as much. Decay was in the air for them, however delicately they expressed their awareness of what Leon Bloy has called the "Century of Carrion." One of this book's fascinations lies in the fact that its worn news is fresh here, that the author records his long voyage toward conviction as well as giving us his findings. For here is important testimony, from a new perspective: sentient man is bearing witness against scientific man. Here is the case history of discovery through involvment.

Mr. Lindbergh looks back with incredulous gaze to his own proud, free worship of science—in his youth "more important than either man or God"—as to a false dawn. It was not in his philosophy then that he could live to know that slavery to science was the end of worship. His education has been that of the man of feeling; he can see best when his eyeballs have been seared. A risky altitude flight at Willow Run taught him that "in worshipping science man gains power but loses the quality of life." Combat missions in the South Pacific conveyed the misty lesson that more and better science provides "sheer material survival" from the malevolence of a less highly developed science. In 1945 he flew over Germany, and from the air he experienced the strabismus of seeing both the eternal "sun-bathed fields" and the menacing pallor of a city whose aura of death

—*Wide World Photo.*

Lindbergh (landing in Paris): "I'd like a bath and a glass of milk. I would feel better."—*Then* he thought science "more important than man or God."...

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"pierced the sky." "How fragile civilization had become, viewed through the lens of modern science; how vulnerable to the eye of the bombardier." Did not, he thought, scientific materialism conceal within itself the lust for destruction? Do we not now bring olive branch by buzzard? "In Germany," he writes, "I learned that if his civilization is to continue, modern man must direct the material power of his science by the spiritual truths of his God."

As he has seen and touched the significant *realia* of our time—the harvest left behind by scientific man's brave new atomic playthings—the earnest witness of "Of Flight and Life" has everywhere felt materialism's pervasiveness. Scientific materialism's blight is on "the smell of earth, the feel of weather, sound of wind and cricket, vision of fields and rivers, warmth of friendship, understanding of children, even the contemplation of God; all these are given over to a metallic, intellectual existence." He finds the toys of science but the profane outward and visible signs of "the materialism of force and equality." We must, the witness-turned advocate urges, achieve quality; we must arrive at balance. The "equality of brothers striving for the quality of man" should be our goal.

Mr. Lindbergh would agree with Yves Simon that the "proud thinkers who find a way out by cursing technology belong to the most vicious kind of nihilists," although he has not as yet, as has the latter, fully rejected the romantic doctrine of progress for a Christian pessimism. Mr. Lindbergh would control science—"the victim of its technologists"—by moral force. Scientific discovery, law, and government, then will, if we are to survive, be judged by the standards or morality and of the human spirit rather than in crass terms of speed or power or revenue. Modern man, it is urged, must not abolish but fulfil. To efficiency must be added character; mere occupancy of house and land succeeded by ownership; the city wen transformed by decentralization. In sum, for knowledge, wisdom.

"For the present, we must support the conditions we have helped to build and into which we have been born." This challenge should meet temperate response. The times, as Hopkins penetratingly saw, are nightfall; but in the "small commonweal" of self law may be given and the dragons banished. Mr. Lindbergh has come to such insight and belief. "Our salvation," he would add, "and our only salvation lies in controlling the arm of Western science by the mind of a Western philosophy guided by the eternal truths of God."

Mr. Lindbergh has never been one to rely wholly upon instrument flying. His book too has generous amounts of rule of thumb, at times genuinely and helpfully intuitive and at others wearily second or third hand. He sees a consistency in the Lindbergh of today with the Lindbergh of a now far yesterday who questioned the ancestral voices as they prophesied war. One can discern the attempt to appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. The same voice, he would have it, has been speaking; it has now found an ear. However that may be (and the assumption is bound to stir up fury), the book rings clear and true at least as personal affirmation. For, like the limp personage in Thurber's cartoon, we have all of us had to admit being disenchanted. We have learned along with the unfortunate Dr. Faustus of Wittenberg that magic is not benevolent but baleful. We scarcely need to be told it now. But no voice should be suffered to be lost which would, however falteringly, utter the words of courage and hope over the gray garden of Adam, the ruined millionaire.

—*Acme.*

. . . *Today:* " . . . our only salvation lies in controlling the arm of Western science by the mind of a Western philosophy guided by the eternal truths of God."

Robert Frost

By Joseph Joel Keith

HE roughens his words
on the stony foundation of
language,
his own words piled
in rocky imperfections.
He whittles with wit
the little sling of a word.

2. A Scientific View

OF FLIGHT AND LIFE. By Charles A. Lindbergh.

Reviewed by HARRISON BROWN

DURING times of turmoil and strife it is convenient for men to have scapegoats upon whose shoulders can be placed the responsibility for the world's ills. Hitler chose the Jews; The Politburo has chosen to shoot down clay pigeons molded in the shape of Wall Street bankers; the bankers have in turn seen fit to choose Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal. Mr. Lindbergh, in common with his intellectual contemporary Clare Booth Luce, has gone in for a bigger dish: a salad of modern science and godlessness thoroughly mixed and topped with a liberal sprinkling of Russian dressing.

Mr. Lindbergh is a serious and sincere man. It must be said to his credit that he has given a great deal of thought to the ills of the world, and he has had the courage to state his conclusions in a straightforward manner. But no matter how serious the thought, correct conclusions cannot be drawn on the basis of distorted and over-simplified premises.

Briefly, Mr. Lindbergh's thesis runs as follows: 1. We worship science too much. 2. We have a lesson to learn from Germany: *"The temptation of scientific power had been too much for these citizens. With science, they felt, they could be supermen. . . . In their search for materialistic power,*

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they had set up science as their god, and science had destroyed them." 3. We are learning too much for our own good. 4. Victory in World War II has not brought peace to the world, but has instead created a new menace: *". . . we have stamped out the menace of Nazi Germany only to find that we have created the still greater menace of Soviet Russia . . ."* 5. Prospects for the future are frightening: *"There are alarming indications that the possessor of modern scientific knowledge may be able to destroy all life over large areas of the earth's surface . . ."*

In the face of this dismal picture Mr. Lindbergh asks: What are the possible roads that we can follow? He dismisses a rule of force exerted by the United States on the grounds that "we will create in other men the desire to destroy us." He dismisses world government on the grounds that the United States would be swallowed up by the Asiatic masses. Again to quote Mr. Lindbergh: "We cannot escape the fact that our civilization was built, and still depends, upon the quality rather than the equality of men . . . for Americans the doctrine of universal equality is the doctrine of death. If we ever become an equal people among the other peoples of the world, our civilization will fall—and our equality with it."

Mr. Lindbergh insists that we cannot turn our atomic bombs, our aircraft, and other weapons over to an international police force. "Then, disarmed and with only a minority vote, how could we stop a foreign demagogue from arising on a wave of intrigue and popularity to control the police force which controls the earth?"

It seems clear to Mr. Lindbergh that we can receive no relief from our plight through world organization. Instead, he proposes the solution: create in man a balance of body, mind, and spirit; control science by a greater moral force (in order to prevent its becoming the Antichrist); create a philosophy "rooted in the character of man and nourished by the eternal truths of God."

Mr. Lindbergh rightly points out in his preface that science has become the victim of its technologists, that "Hiroshima was as far from the intention of the pure scientists as the Inquisition was from the Sermon on the Mount." It is the uses to which science has been put that Mr. Lindbergh rightly criticizes. But is it fair to say (or for that matter is it ever fair to say) that we suffer under the handicap of too much knowledge? On the contrary, we suffer not from too much, but from far too little knowledge. And from a mental and social constipation which prevents our integrating that knowledge which we do possess.

During the last few decades science has received support out of all proportion to the support received by most other branches of learning. Through technology science yields profits for industry, through medicine it permits people to live longer. And when governments decide to wage war, science creates weapons.

But what of the other branches of knowledge, the social sciences, the humanities? In general they provide industry with no visible means of making money, their capacity to prolong life is not evident on the surface, and they do not aid, to any major extent, in winning wars. As a result, the natural sciences are supported and publicized, the social sciences and humanities fall by the wayside, making their way as best they can.

We do not need a moratorium on science. We need instead the lifting of the indirect moratorium that now exists on other fields of knowledge, and the integration of that knowledge into a pattern for a peaceful and stable world. We do not need to control science. We need to control instead those men who prostitute science in the name of profits and in the name of national security.

To blame science for the deplorable technological materialism that now exists in the world is no more logical than to blame the editor of a dictionary for the poor quality of a novel turned out by an author who happened to use the dictionary as he wrote. Scientists do not design society. They only provide building blocks of knowledge from which society can draw. None of the blocks are in themselves good or evil; those qualities can be ascribed only to the use to which the blocks are put. Society in the past has used the blocks badly. Because of that misuse must we destroy the blocks we possess? Must we refrain from building new ones?

A pertinent example in this connection is the series of warnings issued by agricultural scientists and ecologists telling us that we are ruining the good earth, that major flood control and soil conservation programs must be started immediately if the devastation is to be stopped in time. But the warnings have not been heeded. Here, as in innumerable other phases of our culture, science could aid materially in creating a world in which people are well fed, well clothed, and endowed with reasonable physical comforts.

There lies the unforgivable sin! If society would but utilize and pay heed to the findings of science in those realms which affect the very existence of mankind, there would be no need to utilize the knowledge of science in immoral ways.

Mr. Lindbergh believes that our salvation lies in our creating in ourselves a moral consciousness, in our returning to Faith, in our living by the teachings of Christ. Admittedly, if all of us the world over lived according to the precepts of Christ our worries would be over. But can such an ideal be achieved in time—before humanity destroys itself? Have men at any time in history behaved in a sufficiently Christlike manner so that law, police, and government could be abolished? And what is humanity to do during the interim period while it is striving to live in the image of God?

There has only been one answer to such questions in all of human history. Until men become Christlike they require law; they require government. The more un-Christlike men have been, the more government they have required. Alexander Hamilton stated the case well when he said: "Why was government instituted at all? Because the passions of men will not conform to the dictates of reason and justice without constraint."

Therein lies the difficulty. Mr. Lindbergh believes that we must become Christlike before we can live together in peace. Yet somehow we must find a way to live together in the meantime. Mr. Lindbergh is afraid of world government. Yet admitting that we are not Christlike, is there any other solution?

Mr. Lindbergh has brought up the conventional bugaboo against the United States living in peace under a common government of the world: we of the West are supermen and must beware of the Asiatic hordes. Let us crawl into our shells, he suggests, and by doing so protect ourselves. Shades of isolationism and egoism! No, Mr. Lindbergh, the doctrine of "me-first," not the doctrine of equality, is the doctrine of death for the United States.

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Politics. *Some years ago,* SRL *proposed a book on America's major defeated Presidential candidates, under the possible title "They Also Ran." We were pleased when several years later Irving Stone wrote a book on that theme and under that title. Emboldened by that success, we now suggest another book on a related theme: a study of great Americans who could have had Presidential nominations almost for the asking, but who missed their chance or declined the honor. Many important names come to mind—Ben Franklin, Webster, Calhoun, and, of course, General Eisenhower and Justice Douglas (for the time being, at least). We review below a testament of faith by Douglas. . . . Henry Agard Wallace on the other hand, the subject of our second review, will soon be a candidate (if the polls are correct) for a later edition of "They Also Ran."*

Ideas of the Future

BEING AN AMERICAN. By William O. Douglas. New York: The John Day Co. 1948. 213 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ELIOT JANEWAY

MR. JUSTICE DOUGLAS was not well known politically in 1940. He was not very well known in 1944. His name was not a popular byword in June 1948. Why, then, did Roosevelt want to run with him instead of Wallace in 1940 and again in 1944? And why did both Eisenhower and Truman insist on Douglas as the indispensable Vice-Presidential choice of 1948? Because Douglas's ideas are the ideas of the future.

Our modern party system makes politicians idea-conscious only after they have passed the political test of "availability." Not since Jefferson has a man been thrust into political leadership by the power of his own ideas. It was by using other men's ideas that Jackson, Lincoln, Wilson, and the two Roosevelts rose to greatness, to the surprise of their contemporaries, after the accidents and the compromises of politics had put them into the Presidency.

But now, in this time of trouble and transition, Justice Douglas's ideas are winning him a unique political position. It is because he is a Jeffersonian phenomenon—a man of ideas symbolizing the power of those ideas —that the politicians at Philadelphia seized on him as the one figure big enough to carry Truman as no candidate of the conventional type could. And it is for the same reason that that prototype of the conventional candidate—Justice Douglas's Columbia classmate Thomas E. Dewey—fears this son of Brandeis, this student of Stone, this protege of Roosevelt, this associate of Black as the man with whose ideas and personal impact he will have to reckon in the year of reckoning 1952.

Now Justice Douglas has matured as a philosopher through his virtuosity as a technician of finance and the law. Like all virtuosi, he thinks in counterpoint, a counterpoint which equates principles and programs, meanings and methods. In contrast to the technical detail of Court opinions, this book is an expression of thematic ideas. It is perhaps the only collection of speeches by a public man in this world of sloganized glibness which can be read as a book. It is certainly the only one whose wide range of references calls for an index.

These thematic ideas of Douglas tell the story of the technician's growth into a Justice, of the Justice's growth into a philosopher, of the philosopher's growth into a symbol. Thus, he sees natural resources flowing into the reservoir of human resources. "With the Columbia River," he says, "America found more than the inland empire of Jefferson's heritage; it found a way to create the society of Jefferson's dreams and our dreams. Nothing is more intangible than the current of our imperial river, and yet nothing is more powerful. Nothing except the democracy it symbolizes and enriches. The promise of a nobler power than the world has ever seen flows through the current of our river. It is the promise of happiness for people."

"Our system," he says again, "is a machine. But it is a machine that runs on human energy." The system must be controlled by skilled technicians. But the human energy must force new liberties from the system as fast as the system forces new wealth from nature. Jobs must belong to people. They must express people's needs and personalities. "The sense of actual participation supplies a force that not only produces health in the individual but also brings new vitality to the industrial system . . . The sense of belonging, the feeling of participation . . . are influences that can break down social, racial, economic, or religious lines. . . .

"Franklin Roosevelt . . . was alive to this fact. And he knew how to fashion from it a positive and cohesive force in American life. He was in a very special sense the people's President, because he made them feel that with him in the White House they shared the Presidency."

The March 1943 speech at the University of Florida is historic because it formulates the one-world policy

—*Acme.*

Justice William O. Douglas: "We must make certain that the glory of our civil rights is not confined to their illustrious history. . . ."

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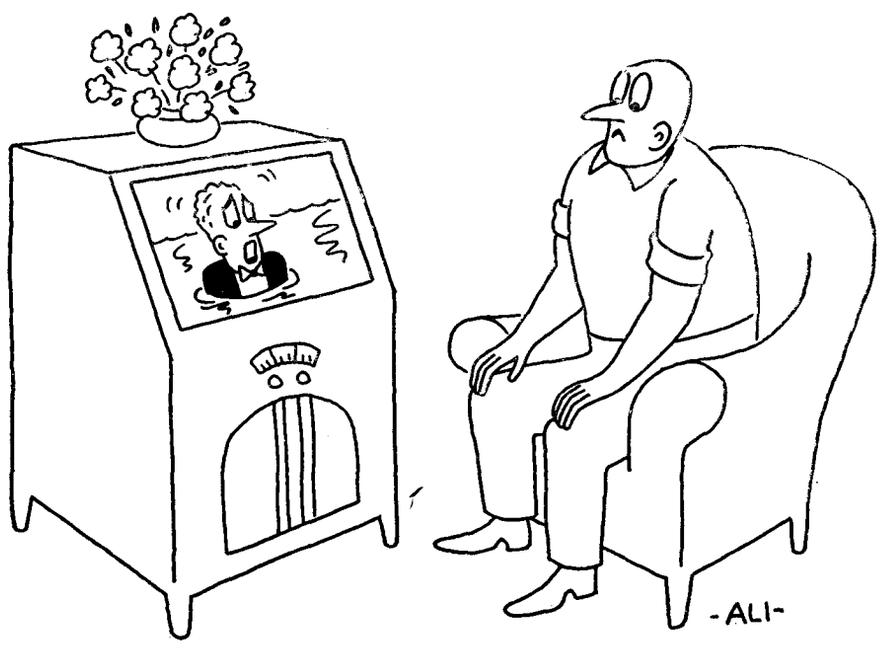
which, transcending the false but all too real dilemma of war or appeasement, can organize peace. "The real victory over Communism," he warns, "will be won in the rice fields rather than on the battlefields . . . If we want the hundreds of millions of people of the world in the democratic ranks, we must show them the way with practical programs of social reconstruction. We cannot force such programs on other nations. But we must stand ready to suggest such programs and to help work them out. We must stand ready to support *with sanctions* the liberals of any country who have programs of social reconstruction for their people. . . . James Yen has such a program for China. . . . It is indigenous to China and thus true to the character of the Chinese. With our backing and support it can do more than save China from Communism. It can set in motion a force that will sweep Asia and align it with the democratic forces of the world. What can be done in China can be done in other outposts. . . . This was done in Palestine." This is the route to world government, the only alternative to chaos.

"I do not emphasize the importance of civil rights in the democratic scheme of things to lecture Russia or other totalitarian regimes on what we deem to be their inadequacies," he told the Rhode Island Bar Association. "My emphasis on the fact that our civil rights are our most distinctive characteristic is to underline not our superiority but our responsibility. We must be alert that we do not emulate totalitarian regimes by curtailing the press, by suppressing free speech, by persecuting a minority, whether racial or political. We must make sure our civil rights are extended to all groups, regardless of race, creed color, or political faith. We must make certain that the glory of our civil rights is not confined to their illustrious history but is found in their application in the voting booths, assembly halls, and courts of the country; in their observance throughout the precincts and county seats of the land, in the respect that the citizens of our villages and cities give to them."

As Tom Dewey, armed with his dictaphone, prepares to play Coolidge in the atomic age, we may be sure that he will keep this book of his classmate's within reach. And as he looks back upon his own political beginnings in New York City, as he looks forward to the people's judgment of him in 1952, the one paragraph that his mind's eye will sneak back to again and again and again is this: "What goes on in the jails? How long are prisoners kept incommunicado before being booked? Are they booked on fictitious charges to conceal another charge not yet established? Do third-degree practices go on behind the closed doors of police stations? Are the odious general warrants reentering the American scene? Does the police system follow totalitarian lines by putting force ahead of brains in crime detection? Do prisoners—no matter what their race, wealth, or social standing—enjoy the right to counsel? Are juries drawn without discrimination? Is there censorship of ideas in the community?"

For the lines are already being drawn for the coming battle between the new power of the Presidency and the new integrity of the Court.



"Is there a plumber tuned into this program?"

What Makes Henry Run

MEET HENRY WALLACE. By James Waterman Wise. New York: Boni & Gaer, Inc. 1948. 91 *pp. Cloth,* $2.50; *paper,* $1.

Reviewed by FRANK KINGDON

THE time of the campaign is come and the voice of the partisan is heard in the land. James Waterman Wise presents a campaign biography of Henry Wallace flavored by the fervor of a true disciple. Its main virtue is that it quotes extensively from Wallace's own writings and speeches. Its overwhelming defect is that it fails altogether to tackle, let alone explain, what makes Henry Wallace think and act as he does. It makes no contribution toward solving the riddle of the Progressive Party's candidate.

Wallace is a hybrid personality produced by many strains—the uneasy Republicanism of the Middlewest simmering with the Populist fevers that in our time produced the Bull Moose Party and the LaFollette Progressives, the evangelical Presbyterianism of his Scotch-American grandfather; the restless curiosity of a geneticist recognized everywhere as an expert in his field; the personal ambition of a politician obstinately eager for public power; the frustration and disillusionment of one who considers himself the victim of evil machinations on the part of cynical political bosses and who carries a deep resentment against his former chief for what he still thinks was a thinly veiled double-cross in 1944; the bitter envy and desire for revenge against the man now filling the office he coveted and lost by so fragile a margin; the messianic self-flattery which more and more in these recent months has dominated his mind and intensified his sense of mission.

He has never succeeded in blending these strains into either an integrated personality or an integrated philosophy. In this sense he is not master of himself. This makes him a facile tool for others. They offer him flattery to offset inner lack of assurance and a positive program to screen his own indecision.

See Wallace talking informally to his intimates or to a group of young people and you have an extraordinarily attractive and intelligent man capable of expounding scientific and political truths humbly and with a confession of his own doubts. Put him on a platform with an address prepared for him by the political dogmatists of his entourage and you have an intolerant absolutist arrogantly proclaiming himself the only savior of mankind. Confront him with the

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press and you have a squirming politician twisting words, dodging issues, and even distorting the truth as when on one occasion he said he did not know what the Communist program is and on another occasion asserted he had no knowledge of the record of Senator ("Curly") Brooks of Illinois. Walk with him among his strawberries and chickens and you are in the company of a mind and spirit attuned to the mysteries of the seasons and all growing things.

Which is the true Henry Wallace—the inquirer, the doctrinaire, the political Artful Dodger, or the man of the soil? The answer is, all of them by turn. He changes parts like an actor although he is no actor. He is the victim of his own propaganda, blissfully unaware of his inner contradictions, deceiving himself long before he deceives anybody else, and consciously deceiving neither himself nor any other.

More than he is aware, his chief drive at this moment is his injured pride and frustrated ambition. He is a good hater. Most religious people are. Hate is the obverse face of the coin of love. The devout love their orthodoxy and hate heretics, whom they will torture and kill if law does not restrain them.

Wallace has all a religious man's capacity for hate, and it moves him more than he knows. He speaks much of Franklin Roosevelt, but I am convinced he has a political Oedipus complex concerning his former chief, so long a father image of his public life. Destroying the party of Roosevelt is his perhaps unconscious revenge upon the man who raised him so high only to forsake him at last. Truman is a lesser man in his eyes but still the symbol of his humiliation who must be destroyed. The means for working this destruction are less important in his eyes than that it shall be achieved.

This has made him vulnerable to the group which has taken possession of him. They are a mixed crowd. Some of them are permanent political rebels who have joined every party of protest in their generation. They represent a healthy strain of independence in our political history that lent strength to Andrew Jackson and Franklin Roosevelt in their times and that was no inconsiderable factor in the founding of the Republican Party. Others are idealists who respond to the distinctively Biblical strains in Wallace's utterances, particularly to those which echo the high call for justice and peace. Lincoln, Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, and Wilson had this same power to evoke idealism by arousing ancestral memories with the rhythm and vocabulary of the Scriptures. Still others are young people seeking through identification with the new party to give substance to their egos so largely squelched in urban and industrial mediocrity.

The fourth group is the Communists. They are disciplined, fervent, frighteningly clear in their objectives. They have the advantage over all the others of being single-minded and united. When others grow normally tired and go home to sleep, Communists stay awake in committees to control them. They have extraordinarily articulate men trained in the law and writing who can confuse an issue until less vigilant people think they are voting white when they are voting red. They fill the rolls of committees with their members, so that when a crucial meeting occurs they can turn out in force and vote down any opposition. At the Philadelphia convention there was always one of them at the chairman's shoulder to prompt him on his rulings, and they were in the delegations with leather lungs to vote on motions put.

The incoherence of the other groups has proved no match for Communist coherence in the new party. Its platform is theirs in other words. Its organization reproduces features of regular Communist organization that appear nowhere else in our political life. Its committees are manipulated by them to keep the keys of power. Communists are probably a minority in the party but they are a determined and united minority who have taken it over.

Henry Wallace is not a Communist. He never will be. His profound conviction that this is a spiritual universe in which man has dignity through freedom of the will makes him immune to the fallacies of materialistic determinism. They do not expect to make him a Communist. They are more subtle. They flatter him, supply him with applause, write speeches that sound strong and idealistic. They are using him to found a party through which they can work after they have cast him aside, a party that will be their permanent effective instrument in our political life. Nineteen forty-eight may seem destiny to Wallace; it is only prelude to the shrewd and ruthless men who see him as an incident in their quest for power.

The tragedy of Wallace is that of frustrated liberalism turning to any recourse for the semblance of progressive action. Less divided and confused progressives will not follow him. They will work to keep his vote low so that this captive party will die a-borning to make way for a true party of progress undefiled by those who have faith neither in man or in liberty.

Frank Kingdon, clergyman and news commentator, is author of "Jacob's Ladder," "That Man in the White House," "An Uncommon Man: or, Henry Wallace and Sixty Million Jobs."

Dwarf Cedars

By Kenneth Porter

THE motion of the train
across the sage-green Utah plain
turns dwarf-cedars, while a bird
flicks his wings twice, to a herd
of shaggy buffalo
grazing slow.

—*NBC Photo.*

My Current Reading

H. V. Kaltenborn, author and radio commentator, has been analyzing the news on radio since 1922. His pioneer field reporting of the Spanish civil war made radio history; since then he has covered all the political conventions from 1932; and his reports on World War II came from the British Isles, Italy, France, Germany, West Africa, Latin America, and the Southwest Pacific. Kaltenborn is the author of five books, including "Europe Now" (1945).

PAGES DE JOURNAL *(in French), by André Gide*
DON QUIXOTE *(in Spanish), by Miguel de Cervantes*
ENJOYMENT OF LIVING, *by Max Eastman (Harper)*
MÉMOIRES, *by André Maurois*
CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL, *by Arnold J. Toynee (Oxford)*
YVETTE *(in French), by Guy de Maupassant*
THE STEEP PLACES, *by Sir Norman Angell (Harper)*
WAHN UND WIRKLICHKEIT *(in German), by Erich Kordt*
MADAME BOVARY *(in French), by Gustave Flaubert*
LONELY CRUSADE, *by Chester Himes (Knopf)*

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The World.

South America is hopelessly divided among ten republics and three colonies, and its climate ranges from the torrid jungle lands of the Amazon to the famous "garden spot" of Chile to the West. The continent, moreover, is ruthlessly split down the middle by the high backbone of the Andes. No wonder, then, that so many books on South America, like Ray Josephs's latest (reviewed below) are, like the continent itself, bewilderingly kaleidoscopic in structure. The peculiar geography of South America, moreover, has prevented any kind of unification, except during Bolivar's brief dictatorship over what are now Columbia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Bolivia, and Peru. . . . Geographical differences (and hence national and cultural differences) stand, too, in the way of those who would create a new order for the world. We review also this week two books which discuss various aspects of this problem.

Diary of a Seven-Month Junket

LATIN AMERICA: CONTINENT IN CRISIS. By Ray Josephs. New York: Random House. 1948. 503 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by DUNCAN AIKMAN

RAY JOSEPHS'S 1944 "Argentine Diary" was an outstandingly exciting Latin-American book of the decade. In journalist's-diary form, it told of the rise and early months of Perón neo-totalitarianism in Argentina, of Nazi plots and espionage in wartime, with plenty of insinuations of Mr. Josephs's personal perils and adventures thrown in for good measure. Full of action developing toward the distressing climax of Mr. Josephs's expulsion from Argentina, it beguiled readers like an eighteenth-century diary novel.

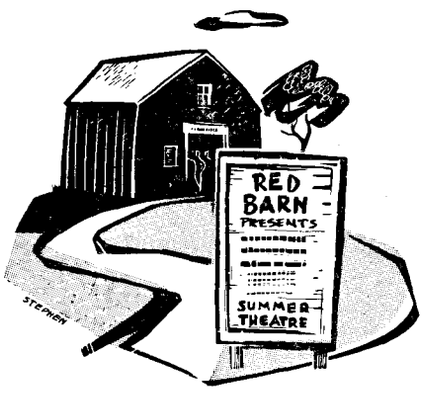
Unluckily, Mr. Josephs again has chosen the diary form to report on a seven-month 1947 junket through South America, with a few days in Cuba and overnight stops in the Dominican Republic and Curaçao added. No developing action here gives plot unity to the author's reflections and reportage. Nothing climactic happens even to Mr. Josephs. The result is a book half again as long as "Argentine Diary." It is distinguished here and there by sprightly writing and crammed with information, some of it already dated. But incessant "my day" presentation makes throughout for unnecessary fragmentation, tiresomeness, and considerable repetition.

It would have been an excellent book about political, economic, and social conditions and a few leaders' personalities in ten Latin-American republics—Paraguay was skipped in the Josephs itinerary—in a precablese age when inquiring travelers' diaries a year old were still "hot." It would be an excellent report on places like Tibet, Baluchistan, or the Soviet Union from which little firsthand reportage comes nowadays. But as things are, the reader has to hack his way with a mental machete through a jungle of Mr. Josephs's momentary impressions to see what he has that makes sense.

This may be an easier way to write a book than trying to think through and coordinate its subject matter. But it is unfair to Mr. Josephs's best writing and perceptive qualities as well as to his readers.

Plenty, of course, in "Continent in Crisis" does make sense—even though Mr. Josephs does little to clear up what the "crisis" is. He cases Argentina admirably. President Perón's regime, he insists, is determined to use the republic's food resources "to establish her own economic independence and assure her place in the sun." Hence, "every [Argentine] government bureau must bear in mind that the needs of a hungry world represent Argentina's big chance."

At the same time, Mr. Josephs charges the regime is playing games with both Russian and Franco-Spanish totalitarianism to embarrass the United States and strengthen Argentina's position as leader of an anti-yanqui bloc of Latin republics. "We [the United States]," he writes, "are forgetting that while Perón and his fellow strong men holds us up for what they want, they are actually continuing to work against us for their own ends."



But many such passages are relatively lost by being sandwiched in between trivialities and personal impressions—often in the same diary entries.

Mr. Josephs's addiction to the sloppy formula of too many Latin-American journalistic visitors, of writing about republics one at a time and separately, simply adds to such deficiencies by increasing confusion and repetition. These objections register themselves all the more forcibly because Mr. Josephs manifestly is bright enough to write a more cohesive book.

Errors Exposition

FROM THE LEAGUE TO UN. By Gilbert Murray. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. 217 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by R. M. MACIVER

IT is easy to point out the errors committed by a previous generation; it seems hard for men, and especially statesmen, to learn any lessons from them. If the wise exposition of such errors is any help, then Gilbert Murray's little book is well worth while. The author was a leading spirit, of the League of Nations Union. As all men of good will had to do he pinned his hopes on the League.

It failed, says Gilbert Murray, not because it was too weak a structure to maintain the peace of the world. In spite of weaknesses and defections it could have done so had the greater participant countries not betrayed its fundamental principles. Britain and France in particular rejected their obligations to the League when a firm stand could have stayed aggression. Had they been ready to use force there would have been no need for force. They temporized over Manchuria. They compromised over Abyssinia. They failed to support the Weimar Republic. They "appeased" the Nazis. "The object of my policy," said Sir John Simon, "is to keep my own country out of trouble." That kind of policy ended in catastrophe.

We know now what *they* should have done—does it teach us what *we* should do? Circumstances are never the same. Two of the addresses in this book belong to the unhappy period between the two world wars. It can hardly be said of them that they offer any clear policy to meet the approaching peril. They contain some ringing words against the "cult of violence," but they have no prescription to coun-

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ter violence. There are true words to the effect that war has become man's first enemy, but there is little or nothing concerning practical measures to overcome its threat. There is a spirited defense of the golden days of Queen Victoria, but no nostalgia will bring back the years that the locust hath eaten.

As for the new postwar period, the author looks at it with grave forebodings, shot through here and there by rays of hope. "We are living not merely among the poisonous *sequelae* of war but in the very atmosphere of war." The UN is disunited, and its elaborate security provisions offer no security against the enmities of the veto-armed great powers. If there is any deliverance it must come from the charity (in the Scriptural sense), patience, and firmness of the free peoples. And most of all, of the United States.

Throughout his long life, whether he was interpreting the culture of ancient Greece or pleading for international order against the forces of chaos and fanaticism, Gilbert Murray has been an exponent of the liberal tradition. His latest book is more distinctive for its fine reassertion of that tradition than for any particular program it offers. Our age, inured to violence, has lost the liberal spirit. It is in the grip of one fanaticism or another. "The alternative to fanaticism is liberality. Liberality seeks to understand instead of claiming to know." Liberalism never persecutes. Liberalism eschews the politics of power. Public opinion is infected with the diseased belief that power is the only reality, a view promulgated in many modern books—Murray cites as an example E. H. Carr's "The Conditions of Peace." If we are to survive it is essential that we return to the belief in law. We must learn anew, says Murray, to respect the deep roots of human culture and so turn our anarchy into cooperative achievement.

Alternatives

SURVIVAL OR SUICIDE. By Harry H. Moore and Others. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 209 pp. $2.

Reviewed by GRAHAM STARR JONES

IN the preface to this book Harry H. Moore declares his purpose in compiling such a volume to be that of explaining briefly "the nature of the crisis brought about by the discovery of atomic energy" and of describing "the momentous alternatives mankind now faces—a united, peaceful world achieved by the development of a strong international organization, or a third world war and the probable decay of Western civilization." Where Mr. Moore has felt it necessary, in order to gain clarity and to maintain continuity, he has added his own comment.

Certainly this is an acceptable formula, and the result is that much of value appears in the book. One cannot quarrel with his choice, for his opening chapter, of William L. Laurence's dramatic story of the evolution of the atomic bomb from a healthy infant in a squash court at Stagg Field to a frightful monster at Los Alamos. Nor does it seem possible that the crustiest of isolationists could resist the boyish enthusiasm with which the founding of the Student Federalists is told by Harris Wofford, Jr., at that time a junior in high school. Yet the effectiveness of Mr. Moore's thesis, like that of any literary effort, must depend, not only upon an intelligent selection of what is pertinent, but, equally important, upon a rigorous rejection of what is not. It is here that the author has fallen down sadly, for he has permitted much that is extraneous to creep in and confuse the reader. This failure, no doubt, stems from confused thinking on the part of Mr. Moore. In his mind, the problems of preventing aggression and of stopping Communism are one and the same. He is blissfully unaware that there is little or no connection between these two distinctly separate questions, that a remedy in one instance has no application in the other. As a consequence of this confusion he devotes considerable space to items which certainly bear on the problem of meeting the Communist threat but which are only remotely connected with the stopping of aggresion. He dwells at length on the chaotic conditions abroad; he discusses the Marshall Plan, even our own internal economic conditions. Admittedly this poor planet is overburdened with innumerable and sundry dilemmas. Still it is too much to hope for the resolution of all of them in one small volume!

—*Justus in* Minneapolis Star-Journal.

"The Mountain Top and the Valley."

Through one hundred pages, roughly two-thirds of the actual text of the book, the reader is led, first in one direction, then in another, in a desperate but futile attempt by the author to clarify and state the problem. At last attention is turned to possible solutions. In less than ten pages the functions of the United Nations are dealt with, adequately enough, but its weaknesses are by no means sufficiently well pointed up. Those other organizations which advocate an actual world government as the only way out of our present difficulties are mentioned along with a brief though none-too-clear exposition of their beliefs and purposes.

There is a need for a text which states, in language simple enough for the high-school student as well as the layman, the problem of war and peace in its clearest terms and then presents the solutions as proposed by various groups and individuals. At this writing, only "Nations and Peace" by I. A. Richards of Harvard begins to fill this need. There are, of course, many excellent but more advanced books available on certain phases of the subject.

Hay Stacked in the Field

(Along Spoon River)

By Henry John Firley

FIELDS of timothy and clover are haystacks now
Pointing their fragrant rafters to a full-moon's telling.
June half-confides a secret summer old.
Like freighters they drift a stubble ocean, swelling
With winter's cargo in their thatch-caulked hold;
Their bulging sides are barnacled with bee-striped gold.
Walk out to where they line a pier not there.
They are sarcophagi of the green field
Which witnessed the shape of April and the plough.
There will be meadow in the winter stall. Stay now
And smell the hay when the moon is high
While you have time in your passing by.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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What Shall We Do to Be Saved?

THREE years after the Second World War the course of political and economic events has persuaded vast numbers of people that the doom of mankind is sealed, that in a few years, numbered not by centuries but by years or decades, a few starving remnants of the human race will have reverted to savagery, become troglodytes hiding in caves, refugees to remote islands, and nomads wandering the desert. To the warnings of the fatal result of an atomic and biological war there are added the death knells rung by prophets of man's starvation, resulting from the increase in the population of the globe and from man's continuing destruction of nature's resources.

Sir John Orr, one of the world's great agricultural scientists and Director-General of United Nations' Food and Agricultural Organization, writes, "The whole race is crumbling to destruction. The nations are insane. . . . Only diversion of machinery to food production can avert chaos within the next forty or fifty years."

The student of approaching doom can point to sterile North Africa, the granary of Southern Europe in the days of Rome's greatness; to the temples of Egypt, whose pillars once came from the Cedars of Lebanon, where now the desert reigns; to Persia's barren soil, a garden when the "Arabian Nights" was inscribed; to the nineteen vanished civilizations raised by occidental man, which are now dead or moribund because of war, or starvation, or a change in economic currents. The twentieth is our own civilization of the Western world whose inhabitants are now so deeply concerned with the problem of survival.

Between the destruction of all civilization and the fall of man resulting from atomic and biological war on the one hand, and from inevitable starvation on the other, it is a wonder that we should not sit wretchedly at home, wailing and beating our breasts, instead of cheerfully going about our accustomed affairs. When the scientist has emerged from his laboratory to prophesy our extinction unless we mend our incorrigible ways, and editors have turned into Jeremiahs, how can any man who reads scramble for a dollar, play bridge, or contemplate his children or others' with any satisfaction? But man lives by hope and is by nature an optimist, though no one has located that special organ in his brain that enables him to face catastrophe or death with equanimity. He will refuse to believe when he is faced with the logic of disaster; he may, unfortunately, seem to refuse to think about it at all. Nevertheless, deep in his mind, though he turns hastily from an apocalyptic editorial in his paper to the sports page, a few ominous words and phrases repeated everywhere have registered. In his millions he is simply, and perhaps admirably, waiting for the moment, the sign that will free him for action.

At the end of his eloquent editorial essay two weeks ago, "Don't Resign from the Human Race," Norman Cousins, after asking whether the human race has the right to survive, rests his hope for its continuance on the faculty of anticipation in man. It is true that if "civilized" man was able thus to conceive the depth of his humiliation and his rage at his own blindness after the final blow had fallen, he might now arise to heights of reason and unselfishness that would leave no doubt that world wars and famines would forever end, though a man fleeing to the mountains or the deserts from atomic blasts or spreading plagues may have neither the time nor the energy to think of anything but his own salvation from one hour to the next. It may be asking too much of man to foresee his state of mind when with the rest of the thoughtless herd he runs from the calamity he himself has helped to bring upon the earth.

If the spectacle of his future conscience cannot awaken him today, what then can bring us salvation? It is not difficult to believe that the repeated words of doom have a deadening impact on the average man's mind. He will not, he must not believe, and therefore he will not think. "So what!" he may mutter, and turn back to the anodyne of bridge, a comfortable book, or sport, or the movies. The organ of hope, wherever it may be located, needs stimulation and must have something to feed upon. Honest writers, whether they be scientists, awake to their awesome responsibilities, or editors like Mr. Cousins who clearly see the approaching storm and its fatal meaning, are not likely to provide enough of this necessary commodity to surfeit men and send them to sleep again. For there is hope; there are a few rays of sunlight penetrating the curtain and revealing dimly the outlines of an intelligent world. You will find it, for example, in a book of essays, "Civilization on Trial," by the historian Arnold J. Toynbee. After examining the fall of other civilizations, he writes, "Is that pattern of decline and fall in store for us in our turn, as a doom from which no civilization can hope to escape?" He answers his questions emphatically in the negative: "We are not doomed to make history repeat itself; it is open to us, through our own efforts to give history some new and unprecedented turn." By our civilization he means not only the West, but the world, for the universal triumph of the machine has brought a universal society, however disunited the world's nations may be by religion, politics, and economics.

To be saved, and I agree with Mr. Cousins, we must in politics establish that constitutional cooperative system of world government in which all reasonable men believe; in economics find working compromise between free enterprise and socialism; in the life of the spirit "put the secular superstructure back onto religious foundations." A beginning has been made at all of these enterprises; the seeds have been sown. Is it inconceivable that they will not find roots and bring the harvest which will keep humanity from universal death?

Consider this solid fact: today no one wants the third world war, except those dangerous individuals who would sacrifice everything for individual or national gain. Consider the colossal irony of man's fate today. We are on the verge of uniting in one, or two, worlds. In Western lands we have added a decade within one generation to man's allotted years. Science knows how to conserve the earth's resources and has found the source of ultimate power. All this will be given to us if we use that modicum of reason and patience which is part of man's endowment. Give men simple words and ideas in which they can believe, give them faith and hope once more, and mankind will survive for what achievements no one can as yet foresee.

H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The Comics . . . Very Funny!"

SIR: I doubt the authorship of the letter submitted to you under the name of David Pace Wigransky. It's a fine letter, the logic of its argument both sound and lucid. But I can't reconcile the precocious vocabulary and Richardsonian style with one who has mulled over 5,212 comic books. In this day of ghost-writing ascendancy, I am driven to the cynics' corner in Mr. Wigransky's case. Moreover, I would like to know the real author, who should be given the commendation such authorship deserves.

JOSEPH P. BURNS.

New Haven, Conn.

SIR: All might agree with fourteen-year-old David Pace Wigransky that the reading of comic books is not dangerous to the youth of America if it were not so apparent from his letter that he is an exception among the readers he defends. Does he believe that the comic-book reader of his age possesses the understanding and realization of the feelings of a child rebelling against parental restrictions? Furthermore, a boy of Mr. Wigransky's age who is an *SRL* reader is certainly not one of those whose character Mr. Brown and Dr. Wertham wish to protect.

JANET S. RAVITZ.

So. Orange, N. J.

SIR: I was delighted to read David Pace Wigransky's reply to your recent articles on the comic-book question. It's not that I'm an advocate of comic books, but he did remind some rather smug adults that they allow their own literature to be "vulgar . . . vicious . . . depraving"! How dare we criticize the reading taste of youngsters when our best seller lists indicate a preference for books offering nothing more than a vicarious romp through a trollop's bedroom? The whole fuss reminds me of the policeman breaking up a baseball game in the street while an organized crime flourishes unhampered down the block.

(Miss) NINA TORREGIANI.

St. Albans, N. Y.

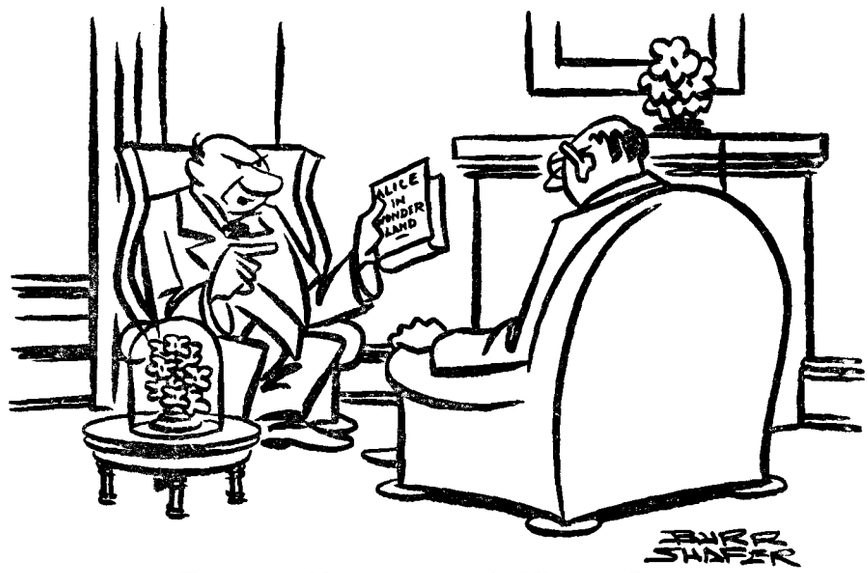
SIR: You did well in printing the letter written by Master David Pace Wigranski. I strongly recommend that the youth preserve a copy of his letter, to be reread after he has reached the mature age of thirty or more years, when he, presumably, may have children of his own.

Certainly, "the kids know what they want!" I am reminded of a little child who ate canned apple with liberal portions of canned cream, and died in the agonies of colic. When the Mission nurse remonstrated with the father, a full-blooded Indian, he replied, "But she *want* it! She WANT IT!"

Citing Mother Goose stories or narratives from the Bible as parallels of the "comics" is wide of the mark. Any four-year-old knows that Mother Goose stories are nonsense, but they love the rhythm!

AMELIA LANGKECAY.

New York, N. Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"As your friend, Reverend Dodgson, I feel bound to point out that the publication of this childish drivel will do your reputation great harm. People will be sure to find out who Lewis Carroll really is."

Blight

SIR: What is the cause of the blight which has fallen on American magazine fiction? I have now begun subscribing again to many American magazines of all types—from the slicks to the pulps—and I am appalled at their contents. Before the war, one could confidently depend on reading something decent in the better-type magazines (especially in *The Saturday Evening Post* under Lorimer), but now all the stories seem to be cut to a pattern: they are futile, trivial, and they all smell some.

Another disconcerting discovery: writers I could read with pleasure before the war, because they had something to say, and a new way of saying it, are now turning out the same unsavory mess of boiled tripe as the rest. It is all very sad.

SYDNEY HORLER.

Cornwall, Eng.

Puzzling

SIR: The review of A. Whitney Griswold's book "Farming and Democracy" [*SRL* July 17] is puzzling. One may suspect that the reviewer is rationalizing to protect a vested professional interest in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, and to avoid an uncomfortable challenge by excommunicating it in the easiest and most general terms. This he does further by defining democracy as a political institution and excluding it from economics. What a whopper! Since the world has never had democracy without an expanding economy, which is to say without some measure of free enterprise, and since modern thinking has long assimilated the mutual relationship of politics and economics, we'd like to know what your reviewer is trying to put over on us.

HENRY BEETLE HOUGH.

Edgartown, Mass.

Through Aesop's Eyes

SIR: Has not obstetographer R. B. Hall [*SRL* LETTERS TO THE EDITOR July 3] thought of this passage on "childbirth from the point of the observer?"

> The mountain labored and brought forth a mouse.
> —AESOP, CIRCA 550 B.C.

It would look good on the fly-leaf, and she might stop there.

G. P. CAFFREY.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Plague

SIR: As a botanist I am disturbed and as a literary journal you should be by the fact that some editor changed the word "coca" to "cocoa" in the next to the last paragraph on the review of Victor von Hagen's "Green World of the Naturalists" [*SRL* of July 24]. Coca is a plant from which ultimately cocaine was isolated, grows high up in the Andes and could not possibly be mistaken for cocoa which is a derivative of chocolate or, as they call it in Latin America, "cacao."

Coco for the coconut, coca for cocaine and cocoa for the chocolate have plagued me all my life with editors and proof readers and I was sorry to see that *SRL* changed my coca into cocoa, a plant of the lowlands and unknown on the Alto-plano.

NORMAN TAYLOR.

New York, N. Y.

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Poetry. *Earle Birney's "The Strait of Anian," reviewed this week, strengthens the impression of this Canadian poet's brilliance and originality created by his two previous collections. It is regrettable the economics of publishing should have to restrict the audience of a poet who should be read by thousands who will not pay $2.50 for a volume of eighty-four pages. The comparison of the slim market for original poetry with the enormous sales of the twenty-five-cent anthologies is irresistible. For example, if the sales of "One Hundred American Poems," a new anthology edited by Selden Rodman, compares with other anthologies of like nature, it will be read, not by hundreds of people, but by hundreds of thousands. . . . For the erudite who enjoy the dialectics of literary criticism we recommend Tillyard's volumes reviewed below.*

More Sense Than Subtlety

FIVE POEMS 1470-1870: An Elementary Essay on the Background of English Literature. By E. M. W. Tillyard. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 126 *pp.* $2.75.

POETRY DIRECT AND OBLIQUE. By E. M. W. Tillyard. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 116 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY W. WELLS

FEW contemporary critics write with as much wisdom and as little pedantry as E. M. W. Tillyard, the Master of Jesus College, Cambridge. A preliminary clue to his attitude, more representative of British than of American criticism, appears in the descriptive title page of his newest book, "Five Poems 1470-1870." The preface returns to the thought in the word "elementary": "this book (like most of my others) is intended less for the specialist than for the general reader of serious literature." Tillyard is broadminded rather than trenchant, yet he by no means relaxes into a mere genial tolerance, nor is he without powers of independent judgment. His breadth is academic in the best sense of the word. Too many poets and novelists use criticism as a platter on which to serve their own works, unduly enlarging upon the principles behind them. Tillyard is lively and discerning without disproportion or distortion.

"Poetry Direct and Oblique," as recently published, is a revision of his book of the same title published in 1934. Still important, it attempts a peaceable and useful arbitration of the dispute between clarity and elusiveness. Its chief limitation is lack of attention to the relation between esthetic values and the social functions of art, a defect which it shares with the school of criticism which it chiefly attacks. There is probably more good sense than subtlety or "obliqueness" in Tillyard's criticism, for, as he admits, the poetry which he terms direct generally has traces of the oblique, and the oblique has some aspects of the direct. The defense of primitivism in poetry new and old provides some of his most refreshing pages. He forces his point, however, in treating "The Iliad" and "The Miller's Tale" as conspicuous examples of the oblique.

Occasional asides in "Five Poems" show the poetic sensibility which the author possesses but to which his volume as a whole makes no serious pretension. The title and introduction are a little misleading. The argument is focused on the ethical, political, and theological ideas of the poets discussed, namely Henryson, John Davies, Dryden, Coleridge, and Swinburne. The survey gives an epitome of changing thought with a continuity of treatment as excellent as it is unobtrusive. Dignity and an ingratiating and unostentatious seriousness characterize this specimen of postwar literary criticism in England, which ends with urgent thoughts on the new definitions of freedom and truth demanded by the present times. If this is esthetic criticism at all, it is certainly oblique; yet it strikingly demonstrates the old, though recently unpopular, view that poems may be effectively used to elucidate serious ideas. "Five Poems" is illustrated with pictures of works of art uncommonly well chosen for their purpose. Tillyard has written no better books than these, whose historical and philosophical perspectives render them especially useful for American readers.

Clearing the Brush and Brambles

THE STRAIT OF ANIAN. Selected Poems by Earle Birney. Toronto: The Ryerson Press. 1948. 84 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GUSTAV DAVIDSON

"THE STRAIT OF ANIAN" (a title derived from Blundeville's account of Sir Francis Drake's first voyage into the Indies) contains the Canadian poet Earle Birney's most recent poems as well as a number culled from his two previously published volumes, "David & Other Poems" and "Now Is Time." The present offering is a representative collection and fulfils the promise of earlier work.

Birney is a particular poet, wholly underivative. Each poem in this book gives evidence of a lyrical instinct in the choice and management of subject matter, of close observation to the Canadian locale, and of a lively awareness of contemporary issues. From "Atlantic Door," the opening poem, where the poet speaks of "the great ships [as] scattered twigs on a green commotion/and the plane [as] a fugitive mote/in the stare of the sun," down to the last poem, "World Conference," wherein the "quiet diesel in the breast/propels a trusting keel," Birney maneuvers skilfully and unerringly through the brush and brambles of poetic pitfalls. He is adept in both the modern and traditional techniques. His settings, while largely regional, continually spill over their banks, for his is a "widely embracing mind," at once practical and imaginative.

He is an excellent balladist, one of the best. His "David," reprinted here in full, is nothing short of a poetic tour de force. It is compact with drama, shimmering with the glacial snows of the Canadian Rockies, arrowed with a wild, pictorial beauty, and "heavy with fate." His "Man on a Tractor" is another "Man with the Hoe." It is to be regretted that he did not include his prose poem "Joe Harris" (from "Time Is Now"), a five-page war elegy of stark power which brought its author overnight fame.

Here and there Birney permits himself a few avant-garde whimsies, as in "Anglosaxon Street." The real Birney, however, is not in such poems, but in "This Page My Pigeon," "Introvert," Man Is a Snow," "David," etc. Here he soars, though his wings are far from feathery.

He is an unusual phrase-maker, a brilliant word-coiner, a vigorous, ar-

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resting, at times sardonic and disquieting voice, but rarely a monotonous or feeble one. His imagination is forever at play with symbols, conceits and auguries. He sees water dripping "cold as hymns," "air by birds hieroglyphed," and man as "a snow that winters/his own heart's cabin/where the frosted nail shrinks in the board/and pistols the air."

In the late war Birney served in the Northwest Theatre where he witnessed sights to which, by their commonplaceness, we have become inured. These things put iron into the poet's song and tempered it to a steely resilience. In a poem called "World War III," he asks:

> Will it be much as before?
> Shall we learn to wear like fraternity pins the death of our friends?

Two-Bit Treasure

ONE HUNDRED AMERICAN POEMS. Edited by Selden Rodman. New York: Penguin Signet Books. 1948. 184 *pp.* 25¢.

HERE is a pocket anthology of poetry which will cost you only a quarter, compiled by an unusual poet and anthologist. It is an odd book in some ways. It includes such anonymous American ballads as "The Whore on the Snow Crust" and "The Gila Monster Route"; the latter, at least, is one of the best railroad ballads in the vernacular that this reviewer has ever run across, and he has been seeking an authoritative version for many a moon. Here, at last, it is.

As examples of modern ballads, Elinor Wylie's brightly colored "The Puritan's Ballad," William Rose Benét's "Jesse James," and Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Mountain Whippoorwill" are exciting. From the older poets it is always difficult to select, as the ground has been so thoroughly gone over; and sometimes, in order to avoid the obvious, it seems to us that Mr. Rodman has represented, say, Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes by inferior pieces—inferior, that is, to their best. It is certainly so with William Ellery Channing. But here also are two of the older American poets: Jones Very and Frederick Goddard Tuckerman, well worth reviving. It seems to us that Whitman and Emily Dickinson (always quoted in such abundance) are originally treated. One could have done with more of Robinson, at the expense perhaps of Gertrude Stein and "Cocaine Lil." Two of Marianne Moore's most engaging poems are here. "Lines for An Old Man" by T. S. Eliot is a fresh selection that delights; though Archibald MacLeish is preachy in the only chance accorded him. Cummings has at least one good poem, or such is the particular taste of this reviewer. The latest poets are represented by Fearing, Eberhart, Roethke, Agee, Fleming MacLiesh, Elizabeth Bishop, Shapiro, Viereck, Lowell. We regret the omission of the brilliant John Frederick Nims. An introduction by Mr. Rodman is interesting and controversial. A good book for the money!

Gagaseria, Hollywood & Promise

I N S / O U T S. By Hyman Swatzoff. Berkeley, Cal.: Bern Porter. 1948. *Unpaged.*

THE CITY BUILT ON SAND. By Myron H. Broomell. Denver: Alan Swallow. 1948. 23 *pp.* $1.

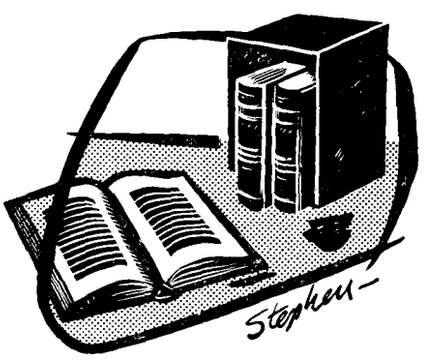
PRINGLE AND OTHER POEMS. By James R. Caldwell. Denver: Alan Swallow. 1948. 35 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

OF these three books of verse, only "Pringle" seems to me to challenge more than a yawn or two, and "Pringle" is by no means a sustained performance. "Ins/Outs" (the first section is composed of "poems to paintings by Paul Klee") is a handsomely printed collection of *gagaseria:* little mild exercises in the manner of Stevens-cum-Cummings, thin, sunstruck, curiously inert in strophe and cadence. . . . "the trick of having forgotten / is never too late to remember / everything has disappeared": this sort of thing writes itself, I am afraid, and is always too limp to remember. "The City Built on Sand" is not limp, but it is no less inert. Twenty sonnets, chiefly descriptive of Los Angeles-Hollywood, and two longer pieces, one of them cast in a downright jukebox yak-trot, *e.g.*:

> I lay in the same city with the Gaekwar of Baroda,
> Who happened to be stopping there, though even less long than I.
> He bore the beautiful name of prince, as in the Frenchman's coda,
> But he was a moneyed man as well, with whom a Ford might vie.

(Or Chevrolet contend.) True, in these sweet verses Mr. Broomell has resisted to the extent of not writing "e'en less long" and "beauteous name,"



and this is commendable. For the rest, the sonnets are, at best, respectable. There are occasional ironies: sonnet fifteen has an octave erotic with a pleasant particularity, but the sestet collapses; sonnet seven opens in questionable taste, proceeds through a passage of self-depreciation whose speciousness is unquestionable, to say the least, and concludes with a surprisingly good manly-Restoration couplet:

> Yet never saw in all the years before
> So fine a widow vend so fair a whore.

But in general the performance is cut and dried, banal. There is little promise here.

Which brings us to "Pringle"; which brings us to promise partially achieved and engaging even in its fallings-short. There are downright good poems here; I instance "The Elders" for its delicate structure and its sensitively exact diction; "For the Dead" with its masterly handling of the strophe; "Even Song," perhaps; "Caedmon," if one is in a mood not to be put off by "Sing me hwaethwugu"; "Anger Upon Leaves," certainly. There is nothing great here: the stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike; but there is an unpretentious integration of tenor and vehicle, of aperçu and expression, that I find entirely satisfying. So satisfying, in fact, that Mr. Caldwell's sins of coy whimsy and sentimentality need not be too strenuously urged against him, although I must protest against the brobdingnagian bad taste of "Christmas 1945," wherein one dreadful line,

> Believe me, Shepherds, this is the year One Prime,

leads one, with no surprise but with considerable disgust, to

> Oh Mary, martyr of the tribe of Jessie.

(It is a comment on the ineptitude of this poem that I cannot make up my mind whether that "Jessie" is a printer's error or an attempt on the part of the author to combine Crashaw with Walter Winchell.) In short, "Pringle" can hold its own. It need hardly be said that in its forced associations with "Ins/Outs" and the Ford-beset Gaekwar of Baroda it shines like a good deed in a naughty world.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 8)

and Essence" "without change and without comment" and very properly too, I think, since he wrote every bit of it himself.

The Script, which follows, and completes the book, is semi-technical in form, with angle-shots, cut-backs, medium and trucking-shots, and is manipulated by the voice of a Narrator, who speaks in both verse and prose. We meet first a repulsive she-baboon, dressed as a night-club singer, who sings a lubricious love song into a microphone. At her side, on all fours, held by a leash and cowed by a riding-whip, is the dejected figure of Michael Faraday. "Ends are ape-chosen; only the means are man's," intones the Narrator. We see a world of apes, aping man, at war with each other, the two opposing armies, each with an identical Albert Einstein on leash, loosing against each other's ranks great clouds of disease germs. A fade-out of a mutual annihilation, with Science, symbolized by the twin Einsteins, dying miserably of its enslavement to bestial Man. Fade now to the year 2108, and a sailing ship approaching the stark, ruined coast of Lower California. For a century the world has lain in radioactive ruins. Only New Zealand and Equatorial Africa have been spared, being thought of no military consequence. The scientific expedition from Auckland comes ashore at what was once the city of Los Angeles, now a pile of atomic rubble and staring skulls. One of the party, a mild young botanist named Alfred Poole, lags behind the group and is silently set upon and captured by a band of bearded men. He is taken to their Chief, and discovers that the apparently deserted city shelters several thousand people, descendants of the few survivors of the Third World War of a hundred years before. These strange, anachronistic Americans worship Belial, who had triumphed over God at the time of the War, religiously serve him in all tenets of evil, despise women as the bearers of the monstrously deformed infants whose genes have been blighted by the gamma ray, and live by robbing the graves of their twentieth-century ancestors. The erotic impulse is the great sin against Belial, and all his worshipers are required by the eunuch ruler-priests to wear the word "NO" embroidered in large red letters in appropriate places on their garments. Once a year, on the Day of Purification, the deformed infants born of the two-week mating season are slaughtered by the priests and the mothers ceremoniously beaten. Dr. Alfred Poole, who is of course a simple device, but a rather appealing one, is spared by the Chief because of his knowledge of food-plants, falls in love with a red-headed, four-breasted unholy vessel named Loola, and succeeds in escaping with her to the comparative safety of the region once known as Bakersfield, a territory inhabited by a refugee, atheistic group who had rebelled against a two-week mating season and were thus for some reason known as Hots. As the movie ends and the lights go up, Alfred and Loola are making a simple picnic meal near a lonely grave marked "William Tallis—1882-1948."

There are flashes of the Huxley of "Brave New World" in "Ape and Essence," and the passages of cold horror and evoked terror are lighted with sharp, Huxleyan humor and epigram, but on the whole this novel seems a little thin, a little labored in comparison with his robust, stinging, richly inventive satire of sixteen years ago. One wonders why he approaches his satirical material so deviously, sidling up to the theme of "Ape and Essence" like a hesitant storyteller not quite sure of his audience, or of himself, perhaps. I would say that his heart did not seem to be in it, if I did not suspect that his heart is in it, and very deeply, so deeply that it is difficult for him to express in satire the dark terror and foreboding which haunt the minds of all civilized and gentle people these times.

Help Wanted: Male

THE PLEASANT MORNING LIGHT. By Josephine Lawrence. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 348 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by KENNETH HORAN

JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE, had she lived in the nineteenth century, could have written "The Song of the Shirt" and saved Thomas Hood the trouble. Poverty, through twelve novels, has been her preoccupation, and she has played the theme of the have-nots, old and young, until this threnody sets her novels in a minor key, despite her convincing and engaging style. If you're looking for woeful want, this is it.

The fact that Miss Lawrence describes the good but unfortunate so glowingly makes her books sagas of the unlucky. Be it striving stenographer supporting an unworthy family or grandma on her way to the poorhouse, her people have suffered the wrath of an unjust God. They tear you to pieces with their undeserved misery, and you remember them—despite happy endings—with a sob in your throat. Want is their dish, and they can't lick it.

Having done her stuff for the persecuted and oppressed, Miss Lawrence turns, in "The Pleasant Morning Light," to what she considers is a world-wide feminine ailment—the husband hunt. Here are three lovely women, all with perfectly good jobs, who would rather be married than right. Paula, Hanna, and Stacey, galloping towards thirty with no ring on the third finger, are desperate. Manicurist, secretary, night-school pupil, these three graces dwell in a hell of frustration, such as Medea had not dreamed. To add to the horrid situation, there was Auntie Jenn, a spinster in her fifties, still on the unflagging but hopeless hunt. Finally life becomes so melancholy that the girls decide to take whatever comes along, thus leaping from the fire into the frying pan.

After a couple of good, whacking tragedies, everything turns out for the best. The kindly though inept young men who have been lassoed into matrimony for the sole purpose of keeping the girls from going neurotic, prove to be not such duds after all. And an interesting story has been made of their promises to love-honor-and-obey, in which the suspense is terrific.

It's a little difficult to swallow the major premise of this lively novel. I, for one, have been fortunate in knowing many unmarried women who are neither neurotic nor feebleminded, but who have attained considerable worldly success. In fact, there is a whole school of thought built on the idea that she travels fastest who travels alone. The day of the heartbroken spinster, yearning for a male—any male—is as obsolete as lace mitts, or ye olde oaken bucket. Maybe I'm hard-hearted, but I can't break down and weep over the fates of three good-looking, capable young women who are living lives of single blessedness, and never wash a dish or bake a potato. Yet Josephine Lawrence does make them credible and real.

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END AS A PAWN?

(Continued from page 7)

government were distributed. In these pamphlets and in innumerable campaign addresses, the matter was plainly put. It would be foolish to say, therefore, that the people did not know what they were voting for. Six months following the election the Massachusetts Legislature passed unanimously, in obedience to the declaration of the people's views, a resolution carrying out the will of the electorate and calling upon the President and the Congress to instruct our delegates to the United Nations to propose and support the amendments which would make the United Nations a world government.

Encouraged by the experience of Massachusetts, other states are following suit. Connecticut votes on world government in 1948. Most state constitutions provide for the use of the referendum. If they don't, a statutory provision can be made. Massachusetts simply passed a law to allow public issues to be referred to the people. Oklahoma, which accepted by unanimous sponsorship in both houses of its legislature the resolution of Robert Lee Humber, approving the principle of federal world government, is now in the process of securing the necessary petitions and signatures to permit a referendum on this great public issue.

Obviously the judicious use of the referendum on issues that matter is the next great stride to be taken by those who believe in democracy as a process. The fact of the business is that we are now ready for a nation-wide referendum in which the electorate as a whole goes to the polls, after full discussion, and advises the Congress and the Administration on the course it wishes our national leadership to pursue.

The mechanics of such a referendum would be simple. Congress by majority action could refer to the electorate a long-range question on which it wanted a direct expression of views. A statement of all phases of the issue could be worked out in a committee representing various shades of opinion. Then with the help of laymen and the legislative research branch of the Library of Congress, the issue could be stated on a ballot in a way suitable to discussion. The established agencies of adult education might enter the scene and give the whole enterprise a non-partisan character. Instead of considering the issue in public debate, the people might thus consider it in small groups where each individual had a chance to voice his views and get others' opinion of his opinion. Then the people might go to the polls and state their judgment.

It would be well if this judgment were rendered on a single concrete issue in an off-election year. It could be rendered apart from candidates and party affiliations and all the factors that generally muddy up an election and make its results wholly inconclusive. There is no way of telling how many persons voted for Roosevelt in 1944 because they approved of his foreign policy, and how many voted for him because they didn't like Dewey.

SUCH a procedure would reveal a new and wholesome method of political action. Suppose the national referendum raised the question of the willingness of the people of the United States to enter a federal government of nations. A good many of us feel that federation is a grim necessity forced upon us by the sinister progress of modern science and the interdependence of a mechanized world. Clearly the old lines of nationalism must be broken down and the tragic limitations of diplomacy superseded by the making of a new state—a government of peoples rather than a government of governments. This new state will be a republic of nations, a supra-national government, a federal union to which each adhering nation assigns such sovereignty as is involved in the right of independent action on matters of defense. It will leave nations free to do as they please in athletics and culture and name-calling, but it will abolish their existence as peace-making and war-making entities.

The very idea of a republic of nations is a democratic idea. The idea on which it rests is an idea of union by the consent of peoples. Hence it is of the utmost importance that the matter of world government be demo-

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cratically presented and democratically decided. The referendum on a national scale offers the best chance for a people's decision. The job of creating a federated world is a job the people may be perfectly sure no one will do for them. Not the officials in the State Department nor our congressmen nor prime ministers nor presidents nor members of parliament. Not the negotiators at conferences of foreign ministers. Not any of the minions or supernumeraries of the present system. To expect encouragement, much less action, from officialdom would be the same as expecting the big league ball clubs to devote their energies to improving the public health.

If the national referendum is not invoked on an issue of such towering importance, the advocates of world government are reduced to the petty tactics of conventional politics. The question must be put before the people on a plane of sales promotion. These advocates must go about "educating the public" through all the old detestable tricks of handouts, lectures, pressure groups. The campaign takes on sooner or later the aspects of all campaigns, involving condescension at every turn. And if world government should ever be attained by high-pressure methods, it would amount to no more than a superficial merger of nations, with new administrative arrangements made by heads of state but with the people still left out of the process altogether.

How much better if the whole matter were presented squarely in the form of a referendum! Whatever the conclusion reached, it would be valid. If the people rejected the idea of a world government, if they withheld the authority for the transfer of sovereignty, at least we should know where we stood.

In the last analysis the willingness to trust the great decisions of state to the national referendum will depend upon our faith in democracy. Violent objections will be raised. There are many who still regard the people as a great beast. There are those who will urge that the people cannot be trusted with important matters, that they will be swayed by demagogues and vote always selfishly and grovel before the strongest leaders. Such contentions, however, overlook the possibilities involved and implicit in the use of small group discussion and the working out of new methods for the consideration of public issues. Even if the battle were drawn on party lines and fought out along old lines of debate, the national referendum might produce startling results and demolish forever the myth of the ignorance and backwardness of the electorate.

There is no reason why the referendum should not be extended to all countries with democratic machinery. The more we can do about democracy on a world scale, and the sooner we can do it, the better. It would be foolish to expect any single device to solve our problems. But the world-wide small group discussion, followed by a simultaneous referendum in democratic countries, would have a vast and invigorating effect and give democracy some of the driving power it sadly needs today.

Charles W. Ferguson, associate editor of The Reader's Digest, *is author of "A Review of Modern Isms" and "Fifty Million Brothers: A Panorama of American Lodges and Clubs." This article is drawn from "A Little Democracy Is a Dangerous Thing," to be published in October by the Association Press.*

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN POETRY

Frances Lee McLean, of Lexington, Ky., submits quotations from twenty-five poets in which the names of twenty-five different musical instruments have been omitted. Allowing four points for each blank you can fill in correctly, a score of sixty is par, seventy-two is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 31.

1. In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
   Whose heart-strings are a .....
2. I come from Alabama with my ..... on my knee.
3. This world is a difficult world, indeed,
   And the people are hard to suit,
   And the man who plays on the violin
   Is a bore to the man with the .....
4. The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
   Of ..... going by.
5. Announced by all the ..... of the sky
   Arrives the snow.
6. We have heard the ..... at midnight.
7. The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
   The kettle-drum, and far-heard .....
   Affray his ears.
8. He'd nothing but his .....,
   I'd nothing but my song.
9. Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
   Nor heed the rumble of a distant .....!
10. When I play on my ..... in Dooney,
    Folk dance like a wave of the sea.
11. The temper of chums, the love of your wife, and a new .....'s tune—
    Which of the three will you trust at the end of an Indian June?
12. It was an Abyssinian maid,
    And on her ..... she played.
13. Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
    Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed .....
14. And let the bass of Heaven's deep ..... blow.
15. Spring had come
    Like the silver needle-note of a .....
16. The ..... that once through Tara's halls
    The soul of music shed.
17. Make me thy ....., even as the forest is.
18. The Owl looked up to the stars above
    And sang to a small .....
19. The banjos rattled and the .....
    Jing-jing-jingled in the hands of Queens.
20. To blow the ..... his lips he wrinkled,
    And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
    Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled.
21. The ....., setting forth apart,
    Grumbled and sang.
22. I am that tint released upon the air
    When ..... kiss, or comets meet above.
23. There's a ..... caroling across a golden street,
    In the City as the sun sinks low.
24. When Jubal struck the ....,
    His listening brethren stood around,
    And, wondering, on their faces fell
    To worship that celestial sound.
25. He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
    The .... clashed, and the horsemen rode on.

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NEW EDITIONS

FOUR recent new editions that group themselves naturally together are Abraham Leon Sachar's "A History of the Jews") Knopf, $5); "Ghetto and Jews of Rome" (Schocken, $1.50) by Ferdinand Gregorovius; Thomas Mann's "Joseph and His Brothers" (Knopf, $5); and Lion Feuchtwanger's "Power" (Viking Press, $3).

Dr. Sachar has written the long, complex, world-wandering history of the Jews, from their obscure beginnings down to the present day, with profound learning, liberal objectivity, and a sense of justice that never deserts him. The darker aspects of a racial story that has been blackened by almost ceaseless persecution from without, and by factional contention within, are never avoided or veiled; while the heroism of the same story is presented with simple dignity. The strength of individual leaders, the wisdom of great teachers, the accomplishments of remarkable families, and the indomitable fortitude of generation after generation of anonymous men and women—all these things are shining features of a unique record. In Dr. Sachar's version of this record the voice of the special pleader is never heard, and no page is stained by bitterness. If I had to select but one conspicuous quality from the many which distinguish this book, it would be the quality of understanding—that prime historical virtue, which historians so often lack.

Gregorovius, writing in 1853, dealt with one small fraction of Dr. Sachar's total subject: the Jews of Rome. His short narrative study is an admiring, even amazed, tribute to Jewish powers of endurance; and elaboration of Bernard Lazare's statement: "The tiny Jewish colony has seen the Roman Republic and the Empire fall; it has wept at Caesar's death; it has seen the Barbarians come; it has seen everything change and the Church build herself. And at the beginning of the century it is still there, having merely crossed the Tiber." Gregorovius is prefaced, in this charming little Shocken edition, by Randall Jarrell's poem "Lament of the Children of Israel in Rome."

"Joseph and His Brothers," a triumph of book-making which runs to more than 1,200 pages, contains the whole of Mann's Joseph series: "The Tales of Jacob," "Young Joseph," "Joseph in Egypt," and "Joseph the Provider," in the admirable Lowe-Porter translation. Whether or not this vast literary construction, based upon Biblical legends, will finally be placed among Thomas Mann's most successful work, there can be no doubt that it represents one of the most ambitious enterprises of the imagination ever attempted by a writer of fiction. That the thoughts and emotions of Mann's characters are far removed from those of their Biblical prototypes is so probable as to be practically certain; but this will prove of no importance if the author is adjudged successful as an artist. My own belief is that, in the long view, the story of Hans Castorp will tower above Joseph's.

Feuchtwanger's account of the rise and fall of an eighteenth-century court Jew, in a German duchy, is a fascinating historical novel in which the writer proves himself a popular master of background, character, action, intrigue, suspense, disaster, and the kind of sexual episode which, since "Power" was first translated, has become an increasingly important factor in historical best sellers. But what stays with one for years is the picture it presents of the solidarity of European Jewry; and even more memorable than Suss himself are the characters of Isaac Landauer and Rabbi Gabriel, who always knew what Suss learned and heroically faced—"Vain and deceitful and fleeting as wind is the world . . . "

Ludwig Bemmelmans is at his best within the wonderful precincts of the Hotel Splendide, so he is at his best in "Hotel Bemmelmans" (Grosset, $1.49), which contains his splendid Splendide tales. Happy the writer who can mark out a field for his own; and happier still if he can cultivate it with skill, resourcefulness, and without monotony. Mr. Bemmelmans is twice blessed, as are his readers.

"Scribner Handbook of English" (Scribner, $2) by Albert H. Marchwardt and Frederick G. Cassidy is a handy, reliable guide to English usage—on the freshman level — which advances reasonable opinions on such subjects as the split infinitive, the terminal preposition, and the dangling participle.

Mystery-Murder: "The Fabulous Clipjoint" by Frederick Brown (Bantam, 25¢); "The Thursday Turkey Murders" by Craig Rice (Pocket Books, 25¢).

BEN RAY REDMAN.

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HIGH BUTTON SHOES
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BOOKED for TRAVEL

BOOTS, BEARDS, AND BOTTLES

IT was just a hundred years ago last January 24 that James Marshall discovered gold at Sutter's Mill. Plenty of gold has been discovered since then in California by people like Betty Grable (1947 income, with Harry James: $1,000,000), enough of it, as a matter of fact, to make the strike at Sutter's Mill look like a necklace from Woolworth's. But this year California commences a three-year centennial commemorating the Gold Discovery of 1848, the Gold Rush it created in 1849, and the statehood in which it resulted in 1850.

Gold goes with California like orange juice. It is a part of its flamboyance, and the root of it. Marshall's gold helped build San Francisco, which before the arrival of the Americans was a Mexican village of 400 people. It consolidated America's "manifest destiny," assuring the colonization of the West. It helped finance the Union armies in the Civil War. It necessitated a railroad, attracted Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and Robert Louis Stevenson, and in the end it introduced what they like to call out West "the California way of life."

Some cities, like San Francisco, which grew 25,000 its first year, became great urban centers. Others, like Poverty Flat and Squabbletown, are now just deserted, rusted relics. From San Francisco or Stockton or Sacramento there will be many tourist trips through the ghost towns of the Mother Lode these next three years.

At Placerville just east of Sacramento, two men working a week in 1848 took out $17,000 in gold. The community immediately began to grow by bounds, vying in size with San Francisco. Popularly it became known as Hangtown, mainly because court was held on the main street with the crowd acting as jury. There was only one sentence and a tree served as a gallows. One of the toughest towns was Hornitas, which had a population of 15,000 and a mean reputation. A gang of California youths in the rough-and-ready days once tormented a Chinese until finally he picked up a gun and fired into the air to scare them. The bullet glanced off a rock and grazed one of the boys. The Chinese was thrown into a jail, but the miners lured him to the barred window with an offer of tobacco, threw a rope around his neck, and yanked his head against the stone wall long after he was dead. The jail still stands. Two Mexican girls who worked in a Hornitas dance hall had a battle one time, but they didn't scratch or pull hair, or hurl epithets. They fought a dagger duel at dawn and killed each other. A sign once hung in Hornitas. It read:

PUBLIC NOTICE

All citizens of Hornitas are
respectfully invited to attend the
HANGING OF CHEROKEE BILL
HORSE THIEF
Meeting at Rattlesnake Ikes Saloon
MINERS COURT. May 12, 1851
7 o'clock—NIGHT
THOMAS EARLY, SHERIFF
HORNITAS TIMES—PRINTER

Coulterville, which was called Banderita, had a population of 2,500 Mexicans and 500 Chinese when the white men moved in. From the Bruschi warehouse, presently the home of the Coulterville Fire Department, pack trains were sent out into the hills to supply the miners. The mules were outfitted with bells and each store had its individual jingle. Miners recognized their favorite store by the bells on its train, and came out to the main road to do business.

In Angel's Camp, site of Mark Twain's "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," they still hold a Jumping Frog Jubilee, grow beards, dress up like Forty-niners, and revive the days of Boots, Beards, and Bottles. Edwin Booth once played Angel's Camp, appearing before the miners in a little theatre near Raspberry Lane. The byway was named for Benanger Raspberry, who once shot a ramrod out of his jammed gun, retrieved it from the base of a manzanita bush which hid a quartz vein. Old Raspberry dug out $700 worth that very afternoon, took out $2,000 the following day, and $7,000 the next, a nice week's work.

Tourists still find gold in California, and during the depression there were some hapless hopefuls who preferred panning to pan-handling. At Chinese Camp recently, where two rival tongs once fought a pitched battle, a young couple on their way to Yosemite tried panning and came up with a $200 nugget. Of course it's not like the old days where a single nugget found at Carson Hill was worth $44,000, and one blast of dynamite at the same mine dislodged $110,000 worth of gold. In Mokelumne Hill about the same time a cleric gone miner was reading the burial service for a recently departed friend. As the preacher prayed and the dirt flew up from the grave, one of the mourning miners picked up a shiny nugget right out of the fresh earth. "Gold! Gold!" everyone shouted. "Hold on, boys," the minister said quietly. "This funeral is postponed until we stake our claims."

HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

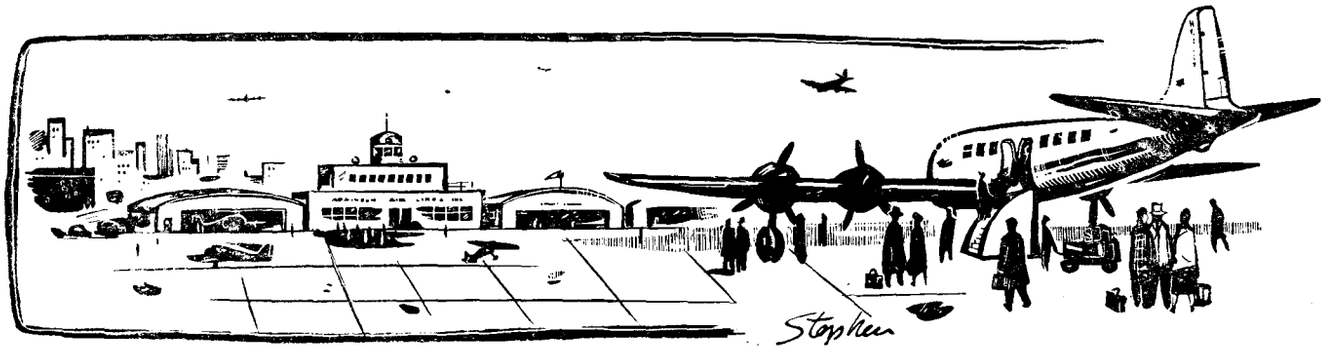
U. S. A.

HISTORIC SPOTS IN CALIFORNIA. By Mildred Hoover, Hero Rensch, and Ethel Rensch. Stanford: Stanford University Press. 1948. 411 *pp.* $5.

A revised, simplified version of a former three-volume encyclopedia of Californiana. It is subdivided by counties under which are listed succinct recordings of the history which California is celebrating in its centennial this year marking the discovery of gold.

MOTHER LODE ALBUM. By Otheto Weston. Stanford: Stanford University Press. 1948. 177 *pp.* $5.

A big and rather handsome book of photographs mostly of the ruins of



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Stopovers in the Gold Country

Angel's Camp
Hotel Bazinett—$4 and up (air conditioning, dining room, garage)
Weiens Angels Hotel—$4 and up (air conditioning, parking)

Auburn
Freeman Hotel—$2.50 (bar, restaurant, parking)
Hotel Auburn—$3.50 (coffee shop, bar, garage, air conditioning)
Ivy Hotel—$3.50 and up (hotel apartments, garage, radios)

Colfax
Hotel Colfax—$2.75 (restaurant, coffee shop, garage)

Dutch Flat
Monte Vista Inn—$4 and up (bar, coffee shop, garage)

El Portal
El Portal Hotel—$4 and up

Nevada City
National Hotel—$3.50 (coffee shop, restaurant, bar, dancing, garage)

Mariposa
Bagby's Modern Cabins—$4-$6 (housekeeping, air conditioning)
Mariposa Auto Court—$3.50 (housekeeping)

Placerville
Raffles Hotel—$3.50 (restaurant, coffee shop, garage, air conditioning)
Cozy Cottage Court—$3.50
Motor City Resort—$3

Portola
Portola Hotel—$3.50 (garage)

Quincy
Hotel Quincy—$4 and up (coffee shop, restaurant, bar, dancing, garage)

Volcano
St. George Hotel—$3 and up (bar, restaurant, no private baths)

Gold-Rush towns. The author has picked the relics clean, coming away with about the last notion of value the places have to offer—a photograph. Much of the sad gallery of abandoned breweries, churches, hotels, bakeries, and supply stores are faced with pages of text—"There are many visible relics of the little camp's colorful past . . . tiny aged weathered cottages . . . that are overgrown with vines and flowers of the past. Never for a moment is one allowed to forget Mokelumne Hill's golden era."

PORTRAIT OF NEW YORK. By Cecil Beaton. New York: B. T. Batsford. 1948. 136 *pp.* $5.

Cecil Beaton has done everything—photographed the King and Queen of England, acted in "Lady Windermere's Fan" on Broadway, decorated a suite at the Plaza in New York. Perhaps it is his versatility of interest and intellect which has given his portrait of New York the rich color and vitality it undoubtedly possesses. Using words, he does nice things with a strand of cellophane the wind has wrapped about the legs of a girl standing on 20th St.; in a suspect at the police lineup he sees a pale young man "like a Velasquez portrait of King Philip of Spain." I would question the authenticity of the slang he found here, however. I never had my pants pressed in a "pantorium," and nobody ever referred to my discharge button as a "goony bird." Perhaps he had better leave New York vernacular to the recent "New York Confidential," the smart-talking, out-of-the-side-of-the-mouth book by Lait and Mortimer, around whom Beaton has written tight, decorative circles.

CHICAGO. Photographs by Arthur E. Haug. Text by Robert Cromie. New York: Ziff-Davis. 1948. 96 *pp.* $2.50.

It could not fairly be said that Mr. Haug's photographs or Mr. Cromie's accompanying text are inspired, dynamic, or even original. Each seems to have accomplished a simple, capable job. In Mr. Haug's case he has submitted a portfolio of technically perfect, seldom artistic pictures of Chicago's sights, its buildings, its thoroughfares. He missed the smell of the stockyards by shooting his photograph from a plane, he missed the cold lake wind by shooting mostly in the summertime. Nonetheless these are *nice* pictures, *nicely* laid out on coated stock, and they will make a *nice* souvenir. And there are always Mr. Cromie's straightforward explanations to tell you how many panes of glass in the Garfield Park Conservatory and the date of the unveiling of the Lincoln statue at North and Stockton.

Europe

THE NETHERLANDS. By Sacheverell Sitwell. New York: B. T. Batsford. 1948. 168 *pp.* $5.50.

A detailed, sometimes ponderous, but thoroughly workmanlike treatise on Holland by the English poet and critic. The type is small and rather closely set by American standards, but you'll find, for relief, excellent engravings and beautiful color plates throughout. This is no coat-pocket guide, but rather a commentary on

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Directed by RICHARD THORPE
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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"JUBILEE"—Dazzling spectacle and melody produced by Leonidoff, settings by Bruno Maine . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club. Music Hall Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Alexander Smallens.

STAGE

HENRY FONDA in Mister Roberts
A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
with DAVID WAYNE
ROBERT KEITH · WILLIAM HARRIGAN
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NATIONAL COMPANY
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CORT THEATRE · 48th St. E. of B'way · CI 5-4289
Evgs. 8:45. Matinees WED. and SAT. 2:45

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life, art, and customs in the Netherlands, which altogether makes good, hefty background reading.

ICELAND, NEW WORLD OUTPOST. By Agnes Rothery. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 214 *pp.* $3.75.

It's going to be a long time before Iceland achieves the popularity of, say, Cape Cod, but here is Agnes Rothery all ready with a good, readable travel book just in case. You'll be glad to know that "Icelandic water is the purest, softest, sweetest water that ever gushed from earth," that "Asbyrgi is an astonishing place, but Myvatn is incredible," and the bookstore in Reykjavik sells "Yngismeyjar" by Louisa May Alcott. Miss Rothery is the author of a score of travel books both juvenile and adult, and is travel editor of *House Beautiful.*

Latin America

I LIVED WITH LATIN AMERICANS. By John L. Strohm. Chicago: Wilcox & Follett. 1948. 377 *pp.*

Despite the title, Mr. Strohm's work has come off the presses looking for all the world like a textbook on South America. As an editor of the *Prairie Farmer,* Strohm was assigned Latin America as a beat, and this book illustrated with his own pictures is the result. A good deal of it is a country-by-country social report toned up with frequent anecdotes of things that always seem to happen to Americans abroad. Once he asked a senorita, "Very warm, isn't it?" and when met with a flurry of denials, he realized what he had really said was, "You're a very hot baby, yes?" There is annotated material on each country at the end of the chapters, but little or no hotel and tourist information, should that be what you seek.

THE CHAGRES. By John Easter Minter. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 418 *pp.* $4.

Number thirty-five of Rinehart's famed Rivers of America Series is the first one written about a river outside the continental U.S. The Chagres is a river of Panama, and the story of it includes its geologic beginnings, the customs of its early Indians, and its discovery by Christopher Columbus on or about October 31, 1502. Minter's biography of the river chronicles the explorations of Balboa, and much later the adventures of the Forty-niner's on their way to the California gold rush. A bulk of the book is devoted, of course, to the construction of the Panama Canal and the part played by Goethals the engineer, and Gorgas, the physician who conquered yellow fever.

The Film Forum

Palestine

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films dealing with Contemporary Issues.

THE ILLEGALS
Produced by Meyer Levin.
Released through Mayer-Burstyn, 113 West 42nd Street, New York.
(75 minutes.)

"The Illegals" was produced under the most miserable conditions, and had to be smuggled past the British authorities. Its photographic quality is poor, it is often out of focus, underexposed, and even jumpy. But when one awakens to the fact that this is real, this is it, "The Illegals" becomes something one should not miss. It is about a group of displaced Jews from all over desecrated Europe. It is the saga of a people seeking their haven. As we follow their journey via the underground railway, and can actually see the indignities they are made to suffer on the way, the Palestine problem transcends politics and becomes a question of humanitarianism. These are an heroic people which have been ground to ashes by well-groomed boots, but even a fistful of ashes can choke our complacent breathings. Theirs is a spirit which is punching a hole into the sky and rolling back the clouds of darkness. During the war, combat cameramen kept the States informed of such battles as Wake Island and Tarawa. "The Illegals" is that kind of film. The projected image has all the crudity of amateur movie making or television at its worst, but it is the factual record of our common problem today. It will be available on 16mm. shortly.

A NEW FRONTIER
Produced by the Arabian American Oil Company, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
(20 minutes. Color. Available without charge.)

There are three sides to every question. His side, her side, and the truth. The last of this triumvirate is often found only in metaphysics. Whenever a discussion arises about Palestine, or the Near East in general, it is fashionable to throw Arabian American Oil on the eternal flame. This is a sponsored travelogue which shows how the desert has begun to bloom. It is about Saudi Arabia and King Ibn Saud's people. It is the Arabian side of the coin and should be seen by all groups considering contemporary issues. Fundamentally all people can live and work together. Only as we begin to learn more about one another can our differences be worked out. This is the best film available for study as well as arm-chair cruising; it deals with the life and customs of the Arabs, and shows the oil company's operations.

PALESTINE
Produced by the March of Time, 369 Lexington Avenue, New York.
(20 minutes.)
Study guide available.

Jerusalem is the capital of Palestine, and it is the sacred city of three of the world's great religions. To Mohammedans it is second only to Mecca in the Islamic faith. To Christians it remains the center of the Holy Land. But to the Hebrews, as in no other religion, stretching beyond recorded time, Palestine has a deeper and more mystical significance. This film tells the story of rugged Palestine, today undergoing great agricultural and industrial change at the hands of some 570,000 Jews who are determined to mold it into a modern Jewish State. It reveals not only the progress that has been made so far, but also the problems to be solved and the obstacles to be surmounted before the Jewish people can achieve their ultimate objective. Whether Palestine's gates are opened wide for immigration this year, or next, or not at all, "Palestine" is a film that will continue to command interest and attention as the world waits a wise solution to the Palestine problem.

A. BERTRAND CHANNON.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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the Phoenix Nest

THE CRITIC'S CROWN

THERE'S wormwood in the critic's cup.
He wears a thornset crown,
Who if he mean to write Keats up
Thinks he must write Pope down.

This truth the constant Muse repeats,
Which gives her faith and hope,
That if there's poetry in Keats
There's poetry in Pope.

In deeps few lenses penetrate
She seeks the flaming choirs,
Where suns uncounted radiate
Their antithetic fires.

Think not with any spectroscope
To gauge such lights and heats.
Under the stars there's room for Pope
As there is room for Keats.

What if some Giant blazes red,
What if a Dwarf burns white,
That splendor must not be gainsaid
That hangs aloft the night

It's idiotic to proclaim,
Imbecile to declare,
That if I worship Algol's flame
I must ignore Altair.

And so, insensitive to power,
Feebly the critic mourns,
For the wormwood in his cup is sour
And he is crowned with thorns.

By which I don't imply at all,
For I am no blasphemer,
That any critic great or small
Resembles our Redeemer.

LEONARD BACON.

* * *

I am glad to print the following from Lambert Fairchild, chairman of the Committee for Republican Integrity, of Broadway, New York City:

> What do you mean——remember "Short Sixes," "to be read while the candle burns"? To say nothing of "The Story of a New York House." [Yes, O yes!: Ed.]
>
> "Hector" who littered! And Colonel Brereton, kept in line with his mammy's slipper! I can even remember the Colonel's speech on the contractor's overcharge—"Does he measure it off; does he even pace it off with those corkscrew laigs he's tryin' to hide under his chair? No. He says, 'I'm Finnegan, and this here's forty yards,' and off he sashays, wonderin' where Finnegan'll fetch up to when he walks off the topmost peak of human omniscience." You ought to get a thousand letters like this——I'm not so damned old.
>
> P. S. As soon as I can find out what a chant-royal is, I'll write you a bang-up chant-royal. Villanelles and rhyme royales are good fun too.

* * *

QUIET!

"Quiet, my children, your Daddy is reading."
"Hush now, Dad's deep in a case he is pleading."
That's how the whispers go all round our house.
Mother is guarding the peace of her spouse.

Junior and Sis take a furlough from quarreling.
Kitty and Fido turn mute in their snarling.
Both the canaries stop short in their cheeping—
Their lord and master is peacefully sleeping.

Telephone, doorbell, the calm do not shatter.
Cook in the kitchen stops banging a platter.
Even the steam heat valves cease all their rapping—
Daddy, the man of the house, is still napping.

No iceman cometh, no mailman, nor grocer.
No plumber looks at the pipes and says, "No sir."
Hot water faucets decide to stop dripping—
Daddy is wrapt in a mystery gripping.

Ah, but let Mother seek quiet seclusion
For a few minutes quite free from intrusion.
Crash! There goes silence in noises, disruptable—
Mother is one of the Sex Interruptible.

JOSEPHINE MILLS REIS.

* * *

There seems still to be time to enter two contests held by Albert Ralph Korn, one for a hundred dollars for the best poem submitted, the other for an essay not exceeding 750 words on "The Advantages of Clarity in Poetry." All entries should be mailed to P.O. Box 43, Lenox Hill Station, New York 21, N. Y. The poems should not exceed twenty-four lines——only one from each contestant. All poets residing in the USA, Canada, and Great Britain may compete. Mss. must be typewritten and carry the contestant's name and address. They will not be returned, though the author retains all rights. The poetry judges are Marguerite Janvrin Adams, Leslie Nelson Jennings, and Albert Ralph Korn. The essay judges are the two latter. The contests are under the auspices of the American Literary Asso-

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 270

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 270 will be found in the next issue.

PRLV VB APBQWPD QERP VB

JRWNR GP BKKBHVFPWVO,

VER UBJV WUKBHVGPV

VEWPD WP CWTR WJ VB

APBQ QERP VB TBHRDB GP

GSMGPVGDR.

X. SWJHGRCW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 269

Logic is nothing more than a knowledge of words.

CHARLES LAMB.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Lute. Poe: "Israfel." 2. Banjo. Foster: "O, Susanna." 3. Flute. Walter Learned: "Consolation." 4. Bugles. Carman: "A Vagabond Song." 5. Trumpets. Emerson: "The Snowstorm." 6. Chimes. Shakespeare: "Henry IV" 2. 7. Clarionet. Keats: "The Eve of St. Agnes." 8. Violin. Mary Kyle Dallas: "Brave Love." 9. Drum. Fitzgerald: "The Rubaiyat." 10. Fiddle. Yeats: "The Fiddler of Dooney." 11. Piano. Kipling: "Certain Maxims of Hafiz." 12. Dulcimer. Coleridge: "Kubla Khan." 13. Horn. Wordsworth: "The World Is Too Much with Us." 14. Organ. Milton: "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity." 15. Fife. Joseph Auslander: "Steel." 16. Harp. Moore: "The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls." 17. Lyre. Shelley: "Ode to the West Wind." 18. Guitar. Lear: "The Owl and the Pussycat." 19. Tambourines. Lindsay: "General William Booth Enters into Heaven.' 20. Pipe. Browning: "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." 21. Cellos. Robert Nathan: "At the Symphony." 22. Cymbals. Louisa Fletcher: "Mandarin Red." 23. Barrel organ. Noyes: "The Barrel Organ." 24. Chorded shell. Dryden: "Song for St. Cecilia's Day." 25. Kettle drums. Scott: "The Doom of Devergoil."

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ciation of which Clara Catherine Prince was founder. She is at present editor-in-chief of *The American Poetry Magazine*, official publication of the association.

* * *

For information concerning a poetry awards project on a non-profit basis with funds already guaranteed, you should write to

The Editor, Poetry Awards
1420 East Mountain Street
Pasadena 7, California

Its advisory editors are Lionel Stevenson, Hildegarde Flanner, Norreys Jephson O'Conor; the managing editor is Joseph Joel Keith, and the editor-in-chief is Robert Thomas Moore. The details of separate awards and the conditions are too detailed to give here.

* * *

HAND ME THAT CHISEL

He wrote like Spenser, archaic to his time:
He thought like Darwin, shocking for his day:
He walked like Dante, touched with the sublime:
At night he got undressed and hit the hay.

DAVID MCCORD.

* * *

CUPID & CO.

The woman living down the hall
I practically don't know at all.

The other neighbors (same address)
I know considerably less.

Their lives are like a secret book
Wherein I've scarcely had a look.

The trouble seems to be, they're shy.
As luck would have it, so am I.

Yet with what cold, detached an air
We pass each other on the stair!

But what a change comes o'er us when
We con such personals (for men)

As "Heiress, young, attractive, hale
Seeks correspondence with bold male."

'Twas some such item (may as well
Confess, 'twas in the *SRL*)

That led me on a merry dance
From Flatbush all the way to France,

And took a lot of expert sledding
To save me from a shotgun wedding,

Though, crossing back on the Atlantic,
I got—all over again——romantic!

* * *

The moral? Double your resistance
To making passes by long distance

(True, underwriting Cupid nearer,
May often prove, on balance, dearer.)

The best prescription, you will find,
For easeful sleep and peace of mind—

Your skittish charmer's and your own
Is, leaving well enough alone.

GUSTAV DAVIDSON.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 751)

MALONE:

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No historic American, except possibly Benjamin Franklin, **played** so notable a part in so many important fields of activity and thought as Jefferson: government, law, religion, education, agriculture, architecture, science, philosophy.

*The first of four volumes planned by Dumas Malone, titled "Jefferson and His Time."

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
WEBER, KONZERTSTUCK, IN F MINOR (1821). STRAUSS, BURLESQUE IN D MINOR. (1886). Claudio Arrau, Chicago Symphony, Defauw. RCA Victor DM 1216 (4)	A fine, romantic (empty hall?) resonance, good balance, adequate highs; very thin in bass regions. Generally suits the music, with bass boost to help it.	A	(See below.) A brilliant performance; Arrau is impeccable, perhaps a bit steely cool in his fire. Good for Strauss, not quite as fine for Weber. An enjoyable recording.
DEBUSSY, QUARTET IN G MINOR, OP. 10. Paganini Quartet. RCA Victor DV 17 (4 plastic)	Excellent liveness, but very restricted tonal range (6,000 or so); often fuzzy (my copy) in loud passages.	AA+	A splendid performance of major early Debussy, French-toned, alive, well-colored, atmospheric.
RAVEL, PIANO MUSIC. Gaby Casadesus. Vox 610 (2)	Good piano, somewhat level, less presence than Vox's best. Probably due both to music and performer.	A— to B+	Straightforward playing of "Pavane," "Oiseaux Tristes," "Jeux d'Eaux," prelude from piano version "Le Tombeau." Good collection.
KODALY, DANCES OF MAROSSZÉK. Andor Foldes, pianist. (Vox 609 (2)	Excellent piano, as fine as it comes. Both Foldes, Kodaly suit the Vox mikes.	A—	A modern "Hungarian Rhapsody"; based on a simple folk song, plenty of piano drama, scintillation.

YOUTHFUL STRAUSS AND WEBER

IN the new Arrau album (above) are two men, so different at first thought, one at the very beginning, the other at the far end of the romantic era who, as youthful pasticcio writers for piano and orchestra, turn out to be not unlike. Both are exuberant, both instinctive musical dramatists, both are prodigal in pianistic whirlwinds of the gayest and most sparkling sort, both write here non-official piano concertos, avoiding the formality of the concerto itself.

Yet what differing musical symptoms!

The Strauss is outwardly pre-Strauss; its melody is strongly Brahms, its harmonies of a Dvorak, not a Strauss, its exuberance untainted mid-romantic. Except—that already there is a too-muchness. Too much piano, too florid. Too much exuberance, to the point of insincerity. A studied Brahms, without a trace of the concomitant humility, the severity of discipline, the economy of development of the real Brahms. Too long, too thick for any burlesque.

And Weber—"I detest all tone pictures with titles," he wrote; then naively announced a lengthy program for this work beginning, "The lady sits in her tower; she gazes sadly into the distance. . . ." It is that kind of music. Superficially like the Strauss, but here the bounding youthfulness is that of the romantic movement itself, with the utmost sincerity and freshness. One's impulse is to think happily, how enormously more of a person is this Weber, how true a romantic! Beside this, the everlasting youthfulness of a whole art, Strauss seems old at twenty-one.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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"TO SLEEP: Perchance to dream: Ay, there's the rub!" You were an optimist, Bill Shakespeare. No radios, no honking auto horns and other modern sleep preventives in your time. Well, we do sleep and dream when using "Flents Anti-Noise Ear Stopples"—Soothers for Snoozers, on the market since 1927. Trial box 25c. Flents Products Co., Inc. Dept. SR-18, 103 Park Ave., N.Y.C. 17.

PHOTOGRAPHER, feminine, would exchange correspondence with interesting males. Canada? Mexico? Box 260-B.

HOME FOR SALE, Connecticut hilltop village. Blue distances, elm shade, bright lawns, gay gardens, five acres, near new school. Old house, well-kept for living; eleven rooms, three baths, oil heat, open fire, two-car garage-barn, studio recreation possibilities. Near Putnam, Pomfret. $20,000. Martha Chandler, Woodstock, Conn.

LARGE, COMFORTABLE HOME for sale in quiet, attractive hamlet in hilly, dairy country. Not a vacation center. Easy drive to Manchester, Glens Falls, Troy. Seven large rooms, miscellaneous small ones. Adequate plumbing. Furniture available. Oil, steam-heat. Spring water. Five-room cottage-annex. Large, tight garage. Half-acre lot. 1947 taxes were $85. Administrator seeks offers above $6500. and prospects of finding good neighbor. Administrator, Estate of E. F. Haye, Rupert, Vermont.

MALE, home-loving sympathetic and self-reliant desires to correspond with happy, friendly enthusiastic woman who enjoys living and likes people. Box 261-B.

NOBLEST OF ALL RARE TEAS—subtle, smoky, esoteric Five Dynasty Lapsang Souchong. Four-ounce (60-cup) tin, $3.75. Pound, $12. China-International Exports, 149 Pfeiffer St., San Francisco, Calif.

APPLE HILL farmstead, built 1762, again offers warm informality, modern conveniences. From $140 monthly inclusive. Special rates: writers, artists, couples. Apple Hill, East Pepperell, Mass.

WANTED. Chicago apartment, North. First floor or elevator building. Three adults. Miss O'Connell—Chicago. Franklin 1558.

EDITOR-WRITER, 28, experienced national magazines, newspaper, desires writing/editing position. Box 262-B.

BACHELOR, in thirties, college graduate, reasonably presentable, six months needed to finish novel, will do anything, anywhere for free mornings, room and board. Box 263-B.

WANTED copy of Theodore Reik's book "Massochism in Modern Man." Box 265-B.

YOUNG MAN, writer, invites mature correspondence male-female. Box 266 B.

YOUNG WOMAN invites correspondence from fellows and girls who are intelligent, ambitious and like sports. Box 267-B.

SHY, YOUNG CITY-DWELLER, male, although desiring smartness almost beyond endurance, dreams of subtly-thought-out woodland spots, timber branches, firm rich earth, seeks correspondence with young people. Box 307-B.

(*Continued on page 34*)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

WANTED. Interesting position as secretary to intelligent man. Commercial, radio and international experience. Box 268-B.

WILL SELL—Taos oil paintings, fine work. Phillips, Couse, Sharp, others. Also old Indian blankets. No dealers. Box 35-B.

THOMAS JEFFERSON SCHOOL. Near St. Louis. Boarding, for boys. Small, faculty-managed. Stresses college preparation. Creek, tennis, plays and concerts, good food. Catalog. Robin McCoy, Sappington, Mo.

CAVE OR COTTAGE, N.Y.C. desperately needed by Harvard vet and Smith spouse during year graduate study. Box 269-B.

MATURE NURSE, idealist, invites correspondence mature male. Interests: books, music, gardens, people. Box 270-B.

SYMPATHETIC, PERSONABLE FEMININE huckster desires correspondence on hopes and jokes with same mature man. Box 271-B.

CALIFORNIA WOMAN driving East, September 20th seeks female companion, experienced driver, share expenses. Box 272-B.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN, mature, Manhattan, N.Y.C. desires congenial work evenings 7 to 12 P.M. College, cultured, research, typing, correspondence, conversationalist, companion adult. Box 273-B.

ARTIST, 28, single, desires to utilize ability constructively. Not advertising. Box 274-B.

CIGARETTES—Popular brands, minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.45 per carton postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52, N. J.

SIAMESE KITTENS. Royal Seals & Blue Point. House broken. Pedigreed stock. $20. BRyant 9-1824 or HO 6-111 W.

SPACIOUS HOME AND BARN, Madison, N. J., secluded, large trees, 3 acres, distant view. Near schools, village, station, excellent commuting. Priced for quick sale, $21,500. Poss. Sept. 1. N. J. Madison 6-1265.

FOR SALE or will trade for real estate. Rare books, limited editions, some autographed, G. B. Shaw, J. M. Barrie, A. C. Doyle, Mark Twain, A. France, R. Kipling, O. Goldsmith, Tennyson, Branch Cabell. Box 275-B.

DESPERATE FOR JOB. Intelligent gentleman, chauffeur's license, typist. Veteran. Travel. Box 276-B.

POMFRET, CONNECTICUT. Utterly charming 8-room house, completely modernized. Two-car barn. 90 acres, mostly wooded. Very isolated. $18,000. Box 277-B.

INTELLIGENT, otherwise normal young man, living in woods of far North desires correspondence with girl who hates order and likes chaos. Box 279-B.

WOMAN wants male mail. Mental calisthenics partner and/or opponent. Subject mankind, behavior, environment, conditioning. Box 280-B.

WOMAN WRITER in Canada enjoys receiving and writing letters. Interests, books, music, art, travel, people, ideas. Box 281-B.

WANTED: position as housekeeper with adult family wintering in South. Box 282-B.

WILL EXCHANGE 3-room furnished studio in Los Gatos, Calif. for small Manhattan, N.Y.C. apartment, October 1—April 1. Box 283-B.

HI, RAPUNZEL! Send down for your mail! Slightly gay, naive guy craves sprightly correspondence with like-minded lady, whether tower-chambered or otherwise. Ex-soldier, traveler, author. Box 284-B.

TASTE-TEMPTING TEAS TO PAMPER YOUR PALATE! Half-pound packages. Darjeeling, $.83; Fancy Flowery Ceylon, $1.03; Assam, $1.00; English Breakfast, $.65; Smoky Lapsang Souchong, $1.68; Irish Style, $.95; Formosa Oolong, $.88; Jasmine, $1.80; Green Pan-Fired Japan, $.70; Uncolored B. F. Japan $.70; Pinhead Gunpowder, $.78; Young Hyson, $.83. Initial orders postpaid. Caravel, 126 Maiden Lane, N.Y.C.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., N.Y.C. 18. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering special weekend rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (three nights). Single room and bath, $12, double room and bath, $17.50, sitting room, bedroom and bath, $23.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS printed on individual gummed labels, 300 for $1.50. Box 979-K.

PERSONALS

SERGEANT, thirties, Japan, seeks correspondents before return to U.S. 1949. Considers college; what do you think? Box 285-B.

CHICAGOANS! Southern young man, studying classical course in university, desires room and board North side beginning September. Excellent references. Will pay reasonable amount for quiet, cultured atmosphere. Box 286-B.

MATURE MALE, who still retains a sense of humor despite 14 years residence in tropical South America, invites feminine correspondence. Box 287-B.

ROOM for woman, spacious home, all facilities, park, river. Reasonable. N.Y.C. ENdicott 2-1116.

PENNILESS GIRL REPORTER needs European inspiration. Would lonely woman traveler like alert, pleasant companion? Exchange references. Box 288-B.

LOS ANGELES. Unestablished writer, bachelor, still young, college graduate wants to get off swing shifts into part-time work for room and board. Anything, anywhere. Box 264-B.

WEAN YOUR JUNIOR AWAY from those horrible "comics" with a bound volume of St. Nicholas. Charming periodical of yesteryear. Stories, puzzles, illustrations, etc. Bound volume, 6 issues, $6.75. Sample copy $1.50, postpaid. Also Youth's Companion, bound volume, 52 weekly issues $18.50. Five sample issues, $2.85, postpaid. Box 72-B.

LANIER (on the Pisecataqua) Eliot, Maine. Food, lodging, gardens, pines, salt-river beach.

NEW JERSEY. Small rest home, located high in the hills of Hunterdon County, amid beautiful farms. Ideal for those requiring complete rest and quiet, or recuperation from recent illness. No facilities for bed or mental cases. Well furnished rooms and excellent food. Rates $50. a week. References exchanged.

Like DUNSANY, James Stephens, Schubert, Rosamond Lehmann, Saki, Renoir? Write mentally wistful young woman. Box 305-B.

ENCHANTING NOSEGAY PINS—Exquisite little ceramic flowers. Made entirely by hand. Price $3.00. Box 584-A.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person problem, anywhere. Personal-Business assignments, representations undertaken. Nationwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, N.Y.C.

DOG LOVERS should have special issues of National Geographic with magnificent color plates $2.50. Send for free list. Box 390-Y.

PENNSYLVANIA GENEALOGY carefully searched. Send $1 for list of families now in our files. Linfield, Pennsylvania, P. O. Box 97.

JOB FLOUNDERING? Consult Helen Trimpe—Counselor, 342 Madison Ave., (44) N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 2-0253.

MATURE GENTLEMAN desires correspondence with refined ladies. Interests: travel, hobbies, teaching, gracious living. Box 104-B.

WANTED by single gentleman, a married couple, chauffeur-valet and cook. French or Swedish preferred. Winters healthful Southern California, summers in mountains. Box 143-B.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

PERSONALS

DO YOU WANT to complete your set of National Geographics? We can supply odd numbers, special numbers and volumes. Send us a list of your wants. (We also buy issues prior to 1910.) Box 43-B.

NEW YORKER MAGAZINES SUPPLIED in any quantity, any period. Send us your list of wants. (We also buy old issues prior to 1940.) Box 44-B.

"DIRECT From London To Your Address"—British Publications, Inc., can now fill subscriptions for all British magazines, trade papers and technical journals. Prompt and regular deliveries, Air Editions overnight. Write for catalogue, listing over 1,000 periodicals, with rates in American Currency. British Publications, Inc., 150 East 35 St., N.Y.C. 16.

ARE YOU A DEVOTEE of thespis? Revel in the pages of Theatre and Stage Magazine. Replete with wonderful photographic illustrations of the successes 1900-1939. Single copy, $2.00; 5 copies, $8.75; 10 copies, $15.00 postpaid. Box 74-B.

BOOK AND CARD STORE for sale. Excellent Madison Ave., N.Y.C. location. Reasonable price. Box 19-B.

UNIVERSITY STUDENT leaving shortly for Israel desires literary, other assignments. Box 300-B.

FOR SALE—Well located book shop, heart New Orleans' French Quarter, $4,750. Carefully selected stock new, old and rare books. Two entrances. Famous patio adjoining. Established 1923. Low rent. Plantation Book Shop, 633 Toulouse St., New Orleans, La.

WHAT WILL YOU OFFER (1798) The Complete Poetical Works of Robert Burns—James Currie, M.D.—(1857) "The Ladies Wreath-Parlor Annual" (1859), Harpers Monthly—(1841) Charles O'Malley—"The Irish Dragoon"—Others. Box 603-A.

IS A DYNAMIC, liberal Social Credit Movement possible in America? The creeping error of orthodox finance will spare no class, no party. Apathy and cynicism give aid to the communfascists. Sell America; Social Credit is the only answer! Box 301-B.

VACATIONS

YOU'LL ENJOY SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vermont. Write Bob Horton.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals, inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, an old Colonial farmhouse. Good food, R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

DIFFERENT FROM THE REST, come see for yourself. Accommodates 55, 29th season. Rates, $12 a day, $70 a week. TED OHMER'S WESTERN VIEW FARM, New Milford, Conn. Tel.: New Milford 440.

BOOKS, MUSIC, CREATIVE ATMOSPHERE amidst rugged frontier country. Old Mexico trips. Wonderful food. Low summer rates. SUN CIRCLE RANCH, Tucson, Arizona. Send for booklet.

WYOMING—Ride its hills and canyons. Fish in its mountain streams. (Or maybe just relax by them.) How? Write: PATON RANCH, Shell, Wyoming.

NORTH JERSEY secluded mountain retreat offers sunbathing, swimming, excellent food to week-enders and vacationists. Wonderful air. August, September, October. Most reasonable rates. Box 112, Newfoundland, N.J.

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8-21

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 752

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

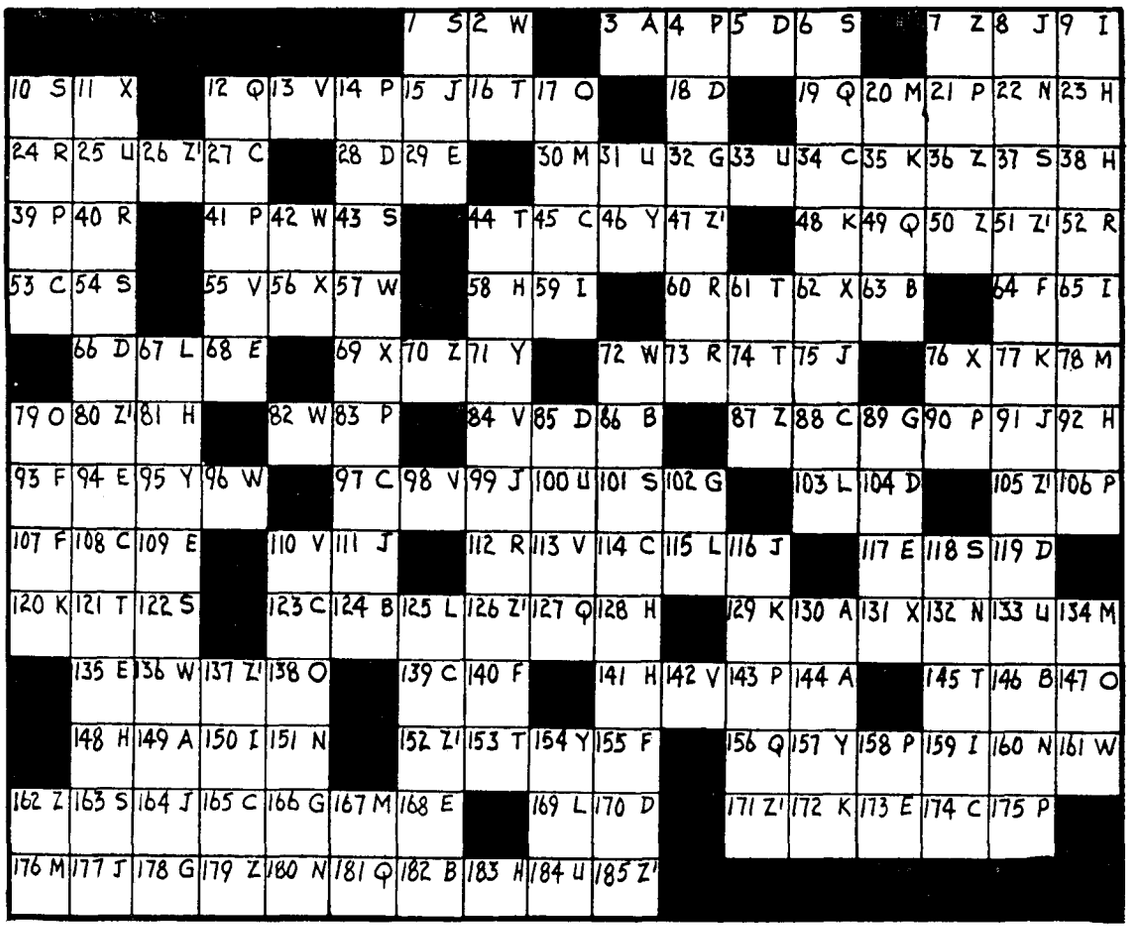
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Exclamation like a half-formed whistle.	144 3 130 149
B. Spice (F.).	86 182 146 124 63
C. Museum containing the best collection of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings in the world (2 wds.; U.S. Midwest).	123 53 139 114 97 174 88 34 108
	45 165 27
D. Dutch physical chemist, Nobel prize winner in chemistry, 1901 (1852-1911).	5 18 119 66 85 28 170 104
E. Sword-shaped (Biol.).	68 168 109 94 29 135 173 117
F. System of phonetic notation devised by Henry Sweet.	93 140 155 64 107
G. A native of a kingdom whose capital is Bagdad.	178 102 89 32 166
H. A New York City tabloid newspaper (2 wds.).	141 148 38 183 81 23 92 58 128
I. The surname George Eliot was born with.	59 9 150 65 159
J. A nonsense verse or composition.	164 99 15 116 8 91 111 177 75
K. Breach of unity among people of the same religious faith.	129 48 120 172 35 77
L. A native name applied to various curassows.	67 169 115 125 103
M. To place in juxtaposition or proximity.	30 176 78 167 134 20

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. City in France, a center in World War II.	132 160 180 22 151
O. Marked by, or abounding in, specimens of the genus *Ulmus*.	17 79 147 138
P. City in Tennessee.	21 41 143 83 175 106 158 39 14 90 4
Q. Science treating of light and other phenomena closely associated.	49 12 19 181 156 127
R. Not in the least.	40 52 112 73 24 60
S. A European white grape, called also "Chasselas".	122 1 6 10 37 43 118 54 101 163
T. A small Friends' college in Richmond, Ind.	74 121 153 16 145 61 44
U. Capital city in Canada taken by the English, 1759.	25 33 133 100 184 31
V. Treaty of 1713 ending the War of the Spanish Succession.	98 84 142 13 55 113 110
W. Village in Wiltshire, Eng., where Alfred won over the Danes, 878.	2 161 82 136 96 72 42 57
X. Seat of the University of Delaware.	11 76 69 56 131 62
Y. Sly and cute (slang).	46 154 157 95 71
Z. Riddles; inscrutable persons.	162 179 36 7 50 70 87
Z¹. To evade; shirk (2 wds.).	185 47 26 51 152 137 126 80 105 171

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the DEFINITIONS each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 32 of this issue.

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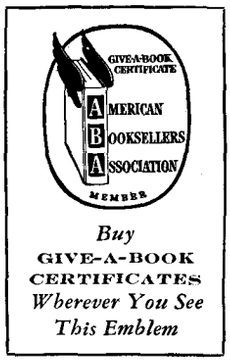

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